

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

ANDREW CLERK IMBRIE, N. Y.

HOWARD ESKINE WHITE, N. Y.

WILBUR M. URSAN, Pa.

EDWIN M. NORRIS, Ia.

FRANKLIN B. MORSE, N. Y.

MANAGING EDITOR:

JOHN HAMILTON THACHER, MD.

TREASURER:

JOSEPH S. BUNTING, Pa.

VOL. L.

MAY, 1894.

No. 1.

SOME IMPRESSIONS FROM MR. STEVENSON'S
BOOKS.

AMONG modern writers of fiction, in the exclusive sense of the novel, none, perhaps would in the eyes of a majority, more justly deserve the laurel than Mr. George Meredith. Of Mr. Hardy it is perhaps better to be silent. But there is a versatility in the genius (for it is genius) of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson that assigns to him, of all writers, a position conspicuously unique, and possibly a large number of readers would hesitate and eventually prefer him to be the capstone as "the master of modern English fiction."

Critics and men everywhere have been drawn to Mr. Stevenson. The scholarly author of *Letters to Dead Authors* prepared a paper for the stimulating *Essays in Little*, the writer of *The Little Minister* penned a characteristic sketch for *The British Weekly* (now in *An Edinburgh Eleven*), and the essayist of *Ques-*

tions at Issue, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Archer and others of more or less note have been contributing. Even during the past year as many as seven articles were published in the various magazines. All write from the standpoint of ardent admirers, though variously so, and each bears an unmistakable, indefinable influence from Mr. Stevenson's books. Thus he bewitches all, till they know not where to place him. Like Shakespeare—not to press the comparison—he catches all the moods and delightfully penetrates the hidden depths of every feeling. Mr. Lang is bound to admit, from this wide applicability of what he denominates Mr. Stevenson's "miscellaneous literary baggage," that "he has become a kind of classic in his own day, for an undisputed reputation makes a classic while it lasts." Mr. Walter Besant, however, would go still farther, and thinks he sees in the future a recognized English classic for all time.

Mr. Stevenson is one of the rare authors equally proficient, as Hawthorne was, in the *conte* and more extended romance. And what a vast miscellany there is in the essays! Historian, biographer (one might almost add autobiographer), novelist, a writer of short stories and sketches, an essayist, poet, dramatist, critic—there is scarcely a province of literature into which he has not ventured, with unquestioned success. An occasional thought and character perhaps would better be more original and a few touches on nature show that some of his experiences have not been realized *in vita*. But Mr. Stevenson moulds our linguistic clay with rare beauty and ease. He has that peculiar, happy aptitude of perfect propriety in expression with which Hawthorne was gifted and, with a style altogether his own, combining the stability of the Saxon and the flexibility of the Latin, he is a master in what he himself has called those "exquisite refinements of proficiency and finish which the artist so ardently longs for and so keenly feels." One can see the unquestionable influence of Thackeray. But Hugo, Molière, Montaigne, Dumas, Scott, Shakspeare, Whitman, Thoreau, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Herbert Spencer—one gathers from his books that these delight him. I feel certain, however, that few will smile when

he frankly confesses a blush for a dislike for Wordsworth, Horace, Burns and Hazlitt.

Probably the most striking characteristics of Mr. Stevenson's style are what Mr. Brander Matthews has recently happily termed his "tortured felicity" in expression and the unexpected introduction of unusually unique or antique expressions, with not infrequently a singularly original bathos. For example:

"To hear a strain of music, to see a beautiful woman, a river, a great city, or a starry night, is to make a man despair of his Lilliputian arts in language."

The entrance into manhood seems less to be regretted when one has read *Child's Play*, for we feel constrained to admit with him that "the capacity to enjoy Shakspeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers."

And the altogether unexpected countersign between Challoner and Miss Fonblanque borders so closely on the absurd that the reader is convulsed.

The picturesque and the beautiful, the grotesque and the uncanny find in him a quick response. With the utmost characteristic *naïveté* he speaks of his own words as "hot and hot, full of passion and the picturesque, alive with animating incident." Who can ever forget the starry night in the Napa Valley, or fail to envy the captivating charm of his solitary strolls and rambles through the woods at Fontainebleau? Was there ever a more gruesome, weird, unnatural (so much so that the question of healthy imagination arises), and yet so captivating a collection of tales as the *New Arabian Nights*? The unusual uniqueness of the impossible Suicide Club and its eccentric president captures men's fancy by storm, though, like Mr. Poe's stories, they are absolutely impossible, and yet, for the most part, so seemingly plausible. Almost every story in *The Merry Men* is comprised or culminated in a mysterious murder, and even with the delicate touch of Mrs. Stevenson, what a dark, strange thread is woven in *The Dynamiter*. "The Mormon story might fade away as a connected tale," writes Mr. Doyle, "but how are we to forget the lonely fire in the valley,

the white figure which dances and screams among the snow, or the horrid ravine in which the caravan is starved?"

Like Mr. Kipling's, Mr. Stevenson's books are what Charles Lamb designates presents of game from distant friends, "unitive, as the old theologians phrase it." One seems to be a co-paddler as the canoes speed on their way along the Oise and Sambre, past pretty bits of landscapes. At least one wishes he had been, and can sympathetically long for that same experience of a near approach to earthly Nirvana, that same *abandon*, "the apotheosis of stupidity." The sack in the travels through the Cévennes surely has another occupant; some one else shares his delight at the picturesque, though the æsthetic treatment of the surrounding scenery is in doubtful harmony with his belabouring of the unfortunate donkey, however palliated this may be by his prefatorial note. An invisible eye sees the foam and hears the roar of the Merry Men, it winces when the ships are engulfed. Somebody beside the band of John Silver stares at the disarranged skeleton and listens for the wild song of Ben Gunn in the distance. An unseen face breathlessly waits to see the eyes of the hopelessly exhumed Master open, a figure not perceived follows Alan and David in their quarrelsome flight through the heather, and Mr. Stevenson was not alone when he stood on the Calton Hill and gazed over beautiful Edinburgh.

Mr. Stevenson's books please every age. Even *A Child's Garden of Verses* will be appreciated (Mr. Gosse will bear me out) by those who would presumably prefer *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*. Mr. Gladstone was delighted with *Treasure Island*, and what boy, in the first joy of his teens, would not revel in its dozen and more murders?

"*Kidnapped* is the outstanding boys' book of its generation," says Mr. Barrie. Yet "it was one of the last books which the late Lord Iddesleigh read; and I trust," continues Mr. Lang, "there is no harm in mentioning the pleasure which Mr. Matthew Arnold took in the same story."

Writing unquestionably as a romanticist, Mr. Stevenson is yet a realist in the sense that he presents men and life as "they are in the sordid reality," as Mr. Howells has it, but is also

much of an idealist in that with this realistic portraiture he combines the æsthetic, the poetic, the imaginative. His is not "the novel with a purpose" of George Eliot, nor is it the largely imaginative romance of Sir Walter Scott. If I were asked to name his best romances in their order of merit, I should be at a loss to know which to place at the head. Possibly, in consideration of not only the thread of the narrative but the presentation of it, my hand would fall, though hesitatingly, on *The Master of Ballantrae*, but surely on *Kidnapped* next, and then *Treasure Island* or *David Balfour*. These are worthy of a conspicuous place on a shelf of the first English classics. But the readers of such masterpieces, with their Defoe-like picturesqueness, stand aghast at the positive decadence of more recent books, even approaching a coarseness akin to that "picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and of old iron," for which he so scathingly denounces the English and French realists, that is utterly unworthy of the creator of Alan Breck, Ben Gunn, John Silver or, most of all, "the Mephistophelean Master."

As to *The Black Arrow*, possibly a vague moral may suggest itself. The quaint language is the only other redeeming feature, though the sudden apparition of the supposed leper has been cited as a notable instance of vision in fiction. But where is a better prose psychological study than the modern allegory of St. Paul's flesh and spirit, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*?

Mr. Stevenson has never yet attempted the complete portraiture of a woman. Even the entertaining women in *Prince Otto* are unnatural, and Miss Alison and Catriona are so reserved that they fail to win us. Possibly this may be the great reason why he is so distinctively a writer for men—in the satisfying phrase of Mr. Lang, "there are no interfering petticoats"—for women read him comparatively seldom, and then not often with enjoyment, for Mr. Stevenson has not yet wholly succumbed to the tyranny of love in fiction. "We are willing, however," concedes Miss Janetta Newton-Robinson, in a most appreciative essay in last June's *Westminster Review*, "to believe that this is

a case of 'he could an' he would,' for in his essay on *Falling in Love* he makes many acute remarks on 'this pretty madness,' and though he has not yet plucked up courage to make use of his material, such reflections as the following give evidence that our sex has engaged his attention: 'The most masculine and direct of women,' he tells us in an awestruck aside, 'will some day, to your dire surprise, draw out like a telescope into successive lengths of personation!'" And at last we have Uma, and now find our old companion, David, stricken with the universal passion.

Mr. Stevenson's words are ever teeming with a glowing personality. In one of the *Roundabout Papers*, Thackeray says: "You say you are angry with a man for talking about himself. It is because you yourself are selfish that that other person's self does not interest you." And Mr. Stevenson himself criticises Mr. Howells for not entering his own personality into his novels. But more recently, especially in the essays, the reserved, yet sparkling personality of Mr. Stevenson's earlier books, has given place to an admiring self-consciousness seemingly not in harmony with the spirit of *Letters to a Young Gentleman*.

Notwithstanding the rare beauty and constant charm of his romances and sketches, it is as an essayist that he meets with some, at least, of his most appreciative readers. Doubtless it will be in fiction that the popular sentiment will be reached. But, with their quaint subjects and unique presentation, Mr. Stevenson's essays stand among the foremost ranks of our present English miscellany. *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, the most distinctively literary of all his works and the most broadening in its influence, bears no mean comparison with any cotemporaneous critical essays, not excepting those by Mr. Lang. The others can bear no true comparison, for they stand titles and treatment, uniquely isolated. To some minds his essays may, at the first charm, seem the equal of *The Essays of Elia*, or better. There is much that is alike. *A Plea for Gas Lamps* forms a fitting sequel to the popular fallacy *That we should lie down with the Lamb*, while the fourfold *Virginibus Puerisque* is in a similar strain to *A Bachelor's Complaint on the Behavior*

of *Married People*. But even the versatile Mr. Stevenson is hardly a peer of the stuttering Charles Lamb. Our later essayist may excel in descriptive power in an inimitably graphic delineation of the picturesque, but a finer taste, a keener relish, a warmer glow runs through the words of the earlier. There is in each a mixture of tenderness with humour and a sparkling, yet droll vein of wit, mutually suggestive, the essays of each bear the constant impress of the refinement of a charming personality, but we must regretfully agree with Mr. Barrie, that "In Mr. Stevenson's essays one looks in vain for the great heart that palpitates through the pages of Charles Lamb."

As a moralist, and when he "sociologizes," we find him something of an iconoclast—and a much needed one. In the pages of an occasional poem and essay or romance we meet with phrases that may grate on the finer sensibilities of the over-scrupulous. One has even vituperated him as a moral dyspeptic. But it is scarcely justifiable, unless inveterate cigarette smoking be evidential of moral dyspepsia, and results largely from a misunderstanding because of superficial reading. No one would attempt to favour the inexcusable, repulsive profanity of recent books. But let the open letter on Father Damien witness, and when we read, in an essay, that

"There is some meaning in the old theory about wild oats,"

and that

"It is as natural and as right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles, and beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured, as it is for old men to turn gray,"

we must not hastily take the strict literality, but rather interpret by these in another place:

"Those who go to the devil in youth, with anything like a fair chance, were probably little worth saving from the first; * * * for, to be quite honest, the weak brother is the worst of mankind."

And so his philosophy of life may be well summed up in a couplet by Mr. Henley:

"We must live while live we can;
We should love while love we may."

Few will agree with Mr. Barrie, that "The key-note of all Mr. Stevenson's writings is his indifference, so far as his books are concerned, to the affairs of life and death on which other minds are chiefly set." For, while one would not quite characterize the eccentric genius of the South Seas as a theologian, a good amount of stern theology (probably dating from the Scotch "Kirks") can be found underlying his observation that "to believe in immortality is one thing, but it is first needful to believe in life."

How infinitely tender, too, is the pathos of *Old Mortality* or *Pulvis et Umbra* and *A Christmas Sermon*, that give to the very heart-springs of sympathetic emotion an added impulse. Such pages reveal the finer side of Mr. Stevenson's life, too little seen, and leave us in a maze of delightful reflection from which we rise and feel that we are better men.

It was certainly a true appreciation of these aspects of his life that led one of his readers to write: "To adopt as a vocation not the cloister, but the everyday, haphazard world, and even the world in its careless phases; to know pain, and yet live a life not of martyrdom but of gladness; to work constantly and with heart, and to accept the giving and taking of happiness as a 'task,' is a career which, with all its gypsy pretensions, exhibits a suspicious-looking skeleton of Scotch uprightness under its drapery."

One finds in Mr. Stevenson's books a stimulus (and yet an unsatisfied longing remains), a similarity to which is found in only the recognized classics of literature, there is an impulse to literature from what the Germans mean by "die Sprache," a rare appreciation of nature's ever-varying and ever-pleasing Pan, and the delightful impressions from a marked, unique individuality concealed somewhere beneath a strong, fascinating personality.

Paul Grinwald Huston.

KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT do I know of her eyes
That I gaze into day after day,
Whether they're blue as the skies,
Or dark as the storm clouds that rise
When summer is passing away?

What do I know of her lips
That I kiss when our reveries close,
Whether they're pale as the tips
Of a cloud that in sun-setting dips,
Or as red as the heart of a rose?

What do I know? That her eyes
Are the gates to her soul and my bliss;
That her lips, with their laughter and sighs
I unlock to her heart, by surprise,
With the magical key of a kiss.

Frank McDonald.

FROM THE OPTIMISTIC POINT OF VIEW.

IT had been a perfect day. The clear sky broken here and there with fleecy clouds, the trees just coming into bloom and the fresh smell of moist earth borne gently on the light breeze, all betokened the radiant glory of an afternoon in May. But now the evening shadows were lengthening across the fields which lined the road to the east of Princeton; and now and then the sinking sun glinted through the trees upon the group of students who lazily strolled beneath their pleasant shade. Far down the Kingston road, beyond the "Prep. School," a solitary figure was walking. He took no notice of his surroundings, but with his head bent low upon his breast, he slowly made his way along the dusty road toward the college town. Now and then, as he passed a group of students, he nodded pleasantly and kept on his way in silence; and when he was out of earshot, they would turn and look after him wonderingly, and ask what it all meant.

Somehow, this afternoon he wanted to be alone, and had taken this walk down the Kingston road because he knew he could think better while walking than in his room in East. He knew he would have no peace with the crowds of fellows who were always lounging about his room. And yet, he was not "blue" this afternoon. No; he was not a pessimist or a cynic or anything of that kind. He was just a plain, ordinary, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, whom everybody liked and upon whose good nature everyone imposed.

The cause of his unwonted solemnity to-day was a letter from his father. In it, the question was casually asked as to what he intended to do with himself on leaving college. At the end of Senior year, he had not given the matter a thought. True, he had promised his father he would settle that point before Commencement; but Commencement was only a month distant. And so, for once in his life, he became serious and went off by himself and made up his mind that he would settle the matter now, once and for all.

He had given up the idea of studying a profession for the simple reason that during his Junior and Senior years he had made out his electives upon no definite plan; unless it was that every one of them must be a "snap." Besides, he never took notes. What was the use? Syllabi were far more convenient; and as long as he managed to pass the examinations, it was all the same in the end. Grade was immaterial to him; and if during Freshman and Sophomore years he happened to find himself a little nearer the top of the class than he had expected, it was through no fault of his. Of course he rejoiced to think that Conic Sections and the Theory of Equations were long ago thoroughly forgotten—but that is not saying that he *ever* had the remotest idea as to what they meant. And yet it was with a little thrill of pride that he managed to translate a Greek quotation in his Jurisprudence, even though it was two years since he had observed the accuracy of that so-called dead language. As for the exact meaning of the various Greek prepositions, it had always been a matter of profound mystery to him. Yet he might learn even that in time. Who knows?

The solitary wanderer suddenly broke off in the midst of his reverie. He had left the "Prep. School" far behind, and he was now walking past the "Evelyn" campus. He remembered when he had unexpectedly received a "bid" to a dance here. It had struck him at the time as rather unique, considering that he didn't know anyone in the whole institution; and the thought of it made him smile as he passed. "It was meant for some one else," he used to say; but his friends at the club insisted that the fair damsels down the street had been impressed with his personal appearance from afar off. However, there was one member of his club whose personal appearance had unfortunately *not* been admired, who vented his wrath upon the fickleness of human nature for its inability to recognize in him a man of undoubted social qualifications. Quite otherwise was it with our optimistic friend. His aspirations were *not* in the direction of the giddy whirl of Princeton society. In the words of Emerson, he had never practiced "the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us;" and consequently, he had never made a brilliant success of himself in "society." Besides, he always remembered the line of the old song which says that

"Those same girls smashed our fathers' hearts in New Jersey,"

and if there were any such venerable dames about town, the idea of conversing with them was not particularly alluring to his youthful mind.

He continued his walk along Nassau street. Turning down the lane which leads to the 'Varsity grounds he stopped a moment before the gateway. The great level of green was in perfect condition that afternoon. No one was in sight save the melancholy figure of "Old Peter" as he laboriously propelled a roller around the diamond. And yet the sight of the ball grounds caused a shadow of anxiety to cross the happy face of the one at the gate. It lacked but a few days of the Yale game. He was on the team and he knew how much the fellows expected of him. He would do his best to win—as he always had done.

He had not cut recitations and lectures by the dozen and gone faithfully, religiously, down to practice every day without the visions of victory becoming correspondingly brighter. In fact, he had cut an examination the month before because it interfered with practice. And then, after pasting the note from the Registrar upon the inside of his door, with all the other official notices there displayed, he had cut the appointment to make up the examination for the same reason that he had cut the examination itself. He was very sorry to disappoint the professor; it was "hard luck" and all that; but it was a case of necessity, he said. And he laughed softly now to think of it.

He turned slowly up William street. Already the sun was low in the west, and its slanting rays lit up the School of Science tower with a warm and ruddy glow. He reached the campus just as the bell in Old North was striking six; and immediately after the crowds came trooping out from recitations, and the classic walls of the old quadrangle echoed and re-echoed with the sound of many voices and the clatter of many feet.

Late that evening he was sitting alone with his room-mate. He had come in from Senior singing long ago with the sweet strains of the "Steps Song" still ringing in his ears. He had found a crowd waiting for him in his room, as usual; but they had gone now, and the sound of their merry voices could be faintly heard as they made their way across the campus. His room-mate was pouring over a huge volume—one such as Hawthorne would call a "book of vast ability in the somniferous school of literature"—and now and then he took notes on what he read. Suddenly he arose, and with the remark that he would be back soon, crossed the hall to another room.

Our friend looked after him as he went out. "Jack's a first-rate fellow, even though he is a poller," he said to himself. "I suppose he's found something even *he* doesn't understand, and he's gone to ask Wiggins about it." Yes, he continued, "Jack'll be a great man some of these days—a great man." Then he relapsed into silence. Seeing a letter on the table addressed to him, he opened it. It read as follows:

"DEAR MR. ———"

"As you are no doubt aware, you were to meet me for a private examination, since you were absent from the regular examination held last month."

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I forgot all about that. Well, let's see what else he says—"

"I feel that I owe you an apology for my being unable to meet you at the appointed time. It was a case of necessity and altogether unexpected. I shall not hold you responsible, therefore, since the fault lies wholly with me. As you have, of course, prepared yourself for this, you may be excused from further examination on the subject—

"Yours very truly,

"PROF. ———."

He read it twice before he thoroughly grasped its meaning, and then a light seemed to break in upon his memory and he burst into a long, loud laugh. "That," he said decidedly, "is too easy! Well," he continued, "I suppose it means I passed. Now, I'm very glad of that."

He crossed to the window and stood there gazing vacantly out upon the quadrangle, a faint smile playing about his lips. Everything looked so quiet and peaceful in the stillness of the night. He did not remember in all his happy college life to have felt so intense a love for those weather-beaten buildings. And he was so soon to leave them, too! He felt strangely sentimental to-night. Something impelled him to go out among those stately elms and ivy-colored walls and wander alone beneath their pleasant shadows. They seemed nearer to him—more his own—than ever before. He slipped quietly down the stairs and out into the cool night air. He hurried around the corner of Old North and sat down upon the steps where so many of his classmates had been in the early evening, and there the pale moon peeped down at him through the grand old elms in front, and the bronze lions guarding the doorway seemed to growl to him in sympathy.

He was thinking, the same unanswered question still before his mind. His mother had often said that she hoped he would

see fit to become either a minister or a professor; but he had discovered lately that he was neither good enough for the one nor intellectual enough for the other. Finally there remained to him a business career—a career which is open to unappreciated geniuses as well as over-rated mediocrities, and in which there was for him an opportunity to develop whatever latent capabilities he might possess. The life of a college professor was utterly distasteful to him. He had a higher aspiration than that of impressing upon the minds of unsympathetic Freshmen the melancholy fact that “The War Must Go On.” Decidedly a business career was more inviting, even though he did have to begin by sweeping out an office. Besides, if he went into business, he would *not* have to live in Princeton; for while Princeton is the best place in the world in which to spend four years, he was not anxious to vegetate beneath its classic shades all the days of his life. “Little old New York was good enough for him.”

And yet he would always remember Princeton in after years. He pictured to himself his return as an alumnus. How he would walk proudly about the campus and pretend not to see the undergraduates pointing him out as the man who had done so much for his *Alma Mater*—who had used his influence and spent his money for the honor and glory of old Nassau. And then—

But the bell in the tower was striking—solemnly, steadily, tolling the hour of twelve—just as it had rung for years and years before. The dormitories were sombre and grim; yet here and there a light pierced the darkness, where some one burned his midnight oil. The moon, long hidden by a cloud, burst forth and flooded all the old quadrangle with its uncertain light. For one instant it shone full upon a solitary student who slowly made his way across the campus in the direction of East. He stopped at the door, and the words he murmured, borne gently on the cool night wind, seemed to voice the sentiment with which his heart was filled—“Dear old Princeton! Dear old Princeton!”

* * * * *

Ten years had passed away. It was Commencement time, and the class of — was holding its reunion. The front campus was crowded that evening, and grim, old Nassau Hall looked down in pride to see so many of her sons there gathered. Apart from the throng about the steps two men were walking slowly to and fro. Listen, one of them is speaking: "Well, Jack," he says, "you are coming back here to be a professor after all? I always said you were cut out for just that sort of thing."

"Yes," replied the other, sadly. "I am going to be a professor. There was nothing else I could do. But what are you doing now? In business still? You know I haven't seen you since we roomed together in East, and that was ten years ago."

"In business, you say? Well, no. The fact is, I was for a while after I left college—swept out offices and stood behind counters and all that. But I've given it up as a bad job, now. Too hard work, Jack—too hard work."

"That sounds very pleasant, I'm sure; but what are you doing for a living? You must do something."

"Oh, no, not necessarily. You see, I've retired—living on my money, as it were."

"Your money?" said Jack; "I didn't know you had any."

"I haven't. It belongs to the old man. Do you know," he continued confidentially, "all that talk we used to indulge in about being great and coming back to our Alma Mater as shining lights, is nonsense—at least, I've found it so. It takes too much work, and I don't believe in working hard—do you, Jack?"

"No;" he replied, "that's why I'm a professor;" and with a quiet laugh, he started to join a group of classmates near the library.

"Wait a minute, Jack," said the other. "Listen to those boys sing; though of course it doesn't come up to what we used to do in our day—does it? But I like that song. It makes me glad that I have come back to Princeton—and Princeton is such a fine old place to come back to, anyway." And the speaker seemed lost for a moment in his own thoughts. Suddenly he raised his head, and his eyes grew bright with a strange light. The Seniors had finished singing on the steps—singing the song

he loved the best of all ; and he listened to catch the last faint echoes as they floated on the summer breeze—

“Step softly, boys! This hour should be
For alumni ghosts their songs to bring.
Hark! Shades of mightier sons than we
To Alma Mater sing!”

Andrew Clerk Imbrie.

TABLE NO. 12.

IN a large, though cosy and well-furnished room, whose walls were adorned on all sides by books and pamphlets, with here and there an occasional human skull grinning down upon him, sat a man. He was ensconced before a large, heavy flat-top desk, which was littered with papers, and whose surface reflected into his face the light of a single student lamp.

His chair was drawn close up to the desk, over which he leaned, and his head rested in his hands, while his fingers ran nervously through his hair. He appeared to be a man of some fifty odd years, though his long dark hair, which was streaked with gray, could have led one to judge him ten years older. His large black eyes wandered over the table with no apparent motive in view, yet it was plain that he had thoughts which could not be fathomed. His thin lips were parted, revealing a set of immaculate white teeth. In stature he was slight and of medium height, while the cut of his natty, steel-gray suit showed that he was a man of his day.

Such was the outward appearance of Norwood Wellington, physician and, for many years, professor in the medical college at S—. Cold, quiet and reserved, he had nothing in common with either his colleagues in his profession, nor the students under him. In fact by the latter he was rather disliked than otherwise. Yet he was a man who, by his personality alone, commanded obedience and respect. For the past four days he had been unable to appear to take charge of his classes—an unusual thing ; for during the many years he had been connected with the institution, he had been absent but once, and eleven years had elapsed since that occasion.

The great bell in the church tower next door to the doctor's home tolled out the midnight hour, and for the first time in nearly a half hour the doctor changed his position. Sitting up erect he took another look at a note informing him of a newly acquired body in the dissecting room, which had been placed on table No. 12, which had a curious anatomical formation which had baffled all attempts at solving. Slowly rising from his chair he went to one side of the room and opening a closet door, took out a heavy ulster and overshoes, which he put on, drew an English tourist's cap well down on his head, and taking a small leather instrument-case from one of his desk drawers, he turned down the lamp, leaving the room in almost total darkness. Standing a moment in thought, as though endeavoring to recollect anything he might have forgotten, he quietly opened the door of his study and walked through the darkened hallway to the front door and out into the street.

The night was inky black, and the arc lights shone but as murky specks of haze through the driving sleet and rain. The streets were deserted save for the occasional straggler who could be distinguished only as a black mass as he happened to pass momentarily under the feeble and uncertain rays of a light, only to be swallowed up the next instant by the well-nigh impenetrable darkness.

A stifled exclamation escaped the doctor's lips at the nastiness of the night, and putting up his coat collar he walked into the face of the storm. The narrow city streets, flanked on either side by tall buildings, served as veritable courseways for the wind, which blew with terrific force, often causing the doctor to pause in his walk as he became exhausted by his efforts to proceed. Weakened by his four days' illness, it seemed as though he must fall at every step he took, until at length he sat down exhausted in the large stone doorway of the medical college.

Rousing himself with an effort he drew a key from his pocket and fitting it to the lock he turned it.

The massive oak door, suddenly relieved of its fastening, was blown violently open by the wind and slammed against the inner wall of the building. The great, dark, empty hall carried

the sound from wall to wall—then nothing was heard save the howling of the storm. Using all his strength the doctor managed to close the door, and the click of the spring-lock sounded loud and sharp in the deadly stillness of the great building.

Groping his way in the darkness, the doctor reached a door, which he opened. Standing in the doorway, he lit a match, with which he lighted a candle that stood on the steam register. By the flickering light of the candle the word "Office" could be traced on the ground glass of the door through which he had entered. Slowly he unbuttoned his coat, removing it and his rubbers, at the same time looking carefully about the room to see whether there had been anything new added during his brief absence. He seemed satisfied that all was as it used to be; then, picking up his candle and box of instruments, he passed out of the door, on through the long dark corridor, and up three flights of broad winding steps. All was still save for the sharp click of his heels on the marble-paved floors. The long, living shadows cast by the moving candle seemed like phantom spirits darting away as though startled by an unexpected intruder at their midnight revels. Looking neither to the right nor left, the doctor slowly went his way until he reached the further end of the hall, when he stopped before a door bearing the inscription, "Dissecting Room."

Opening the door, he entered, and the light of the candle revealed the forms of the dead stretched out upon the tables. Those near at hand were brought out with ghastly distinctness, while those at the farther end of the room, where the struggling beams of light scarce reached, seemed more like misty spectres. Winding his way between the tables of the dead, he did not pause until he had reached the last table at the further corner of the room, the twelfth in the row.

Standing there with the candle in his hand, looking down upon the shapeless and unrecognizable features which once had worn the semblance of a human face, the light he held showed a smile upon his own and an eager look in his dark, deep-set eyes. He had sought long for fame, yet through the many years of his career no opportunity had presented itself in which

he could launch his name down the annals of the medical world. At last the long-looked-for time had come. He would work until he had solved the problem of the mysterious formation. Alone and in the dead of night he would labor and investigate, and if he succeeded, to him would be the credit and the honor, to him alone and undisputed.

He had laid the candle down on the table and his sharp, pale face was almost deathly in its eagerness as he proceeded to unwind the bandaging about the corpse's arm. He had understood that it was on the arm he was to look. Evidently he had commenced operations upon the wrong one. With methodical precision he began to rebind the arm. The intense quiet of the room was awful. He half expected, half listened to hear the measured breathing of the dead who seemed to be but sleeping around him. Nothing could be heard but the sharp crackle of the sleet and hail upon the skylights overhead. He shifted the candle to the other side of the table and took the first pin from the bandage on the other arm. He was about to remove the next when the great college clock in the hall sounded the hour of two.

Strand by strand the bandage was unwound until the arm lay bare before him. He scrutinized it carefully when suddenly his eyes riveted themselves upon a tattooing of two clasped hands and the initials R. W. and N. W. beneath the hands. And as he gazed his face took a livid hue, his eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets, his mouth opened as though to articulate, but the sound was lost in his gasps for breath—for the dead slowly raised itself to a sitting posture on the table and turning its lifeless eyes on the trembling doctor pierced him through and through with its glassy gaze. The doctor sank upon his knees and drew his arm across his face to hide the dread spectacle, and in his ears hummed and dinned the beating of the storm outside and mingled with it came in harsh grating tones which seemed to rend the air the voice of the dead:

"You know me, eh! Curse you, I've tracked you for all these long eleven years! You thought you had me safely put away—ha, ha, ha. But I didn't die—you wouldn't kill your brother would you 'Welly'? Our father said you were a

genius! You were. You got all my living and your own. You tried to kill me, 'Welly,' do you remember? Ha, ha, ha—how fierce you looked—but I recovered, brother mine—but curse you I was damned! But I'm living now—look up, dear 'Welly,' look at brother Richard—ha, ha, ha—

* * * * *

The first student who entered the dissecting room that morning found the doctor on his face upon the floor; the corpse was in its place but its right arm had slipped from its support and the hand rested on the doctor's head.

"Heart failure," said the coroner.

Franklin B. Morse.

THE SUN-GOD.

HENCE overshadowing gloom—
 Vanish from sight.
 O'er us thy ruddy bloom
 Shed, beauteous light!
 Lo, rosy-fingered Dawn
 Spreads her bright wings!
 Now the dark bolts hath drawn,
 Wide the gate flings!
 Girt with celestial might,
 Forth leaps the Sun-God bright
 In car resplendent,
 Mounting the Eastern height
 O'er gloom ascendant.
 Lo, how his bright steeds prance!
 See how the white clouds dance
 In their glad play!
 Bathed in his radiant glance,
 Happy alway.

Through the long, dreary night,
 In lonely woe,
 Wait they his coming bright
 And his warm glow.
 Joyous their airy flight
 Flutter their vestures white,
 Whiter than snow

O'er golden-mantled steeps,
 On rolls the tide,
 While from the valley creeps
 Mist, far and wide.
 Before him shadows flee,
 Shunning each sunny lea
 In shade to hide.

Once more his wondrous power
 Makes all things new.
 Glistens each leafy bower,
 Each flower with dew.
 Rapture the feathered throng,
 Gayly careering,
 Mounting on pinions strong,
 Sunward they're steering.

Follow then, leaping blood,
 The sun's bright lure;
 Bathe in his lambent flood,
 Happy and pure.
 What can his might withstand?
 He shall possess the land—
 His reign endure!

Wilbur M. Urban.

BY THE MEREST ACCIDENT.

SCHUYLER came slowly down the steps of his club, and paused a moment as he drew on his gloves. He almost envied the hurrying passers-by their restless energy and business-like aspect, and he told himself that he was useless, yes, quite useless, unless it were to set the fashions to his little circle of friends or to lead a german or two during the season.

It was not often that he troubled himself with such thoughts. It was very pleasant to sleep late in the morning, when other unfortunates had to hurry down to business and sit all day with a leaden weight dragging down their eyelids, endeavoring to delude their employers into the belief that they were wide-awake business men. But there were times like the present, generally after a morning spent alone at the deserted club, when

the sense of his own uselessness would sweep over him with irresistible force. Then he would start out to find an object in life. Perhaps he discovered it, for he could generally be seen within an hour, back in his customary seat in the window, a cigar between his teeth and a self-satisfied look upon his face. Or perhaps even the attempt to find an occupation was enough to soothe his restless breast.

As he stood on the steps, the stream of carriages poured past him, up and down Fifth Avenue, so closely packed as to scarcely leave an inch of pavement visible. Every now and again the wheels of two vehicles would become locked, and only after a prolonged interchange of opinions of one driver for the other would the blockade break. At the crossing below him, he could just see the blue helmet of a policeman moving through the wilderness of carriages, as he piloted timid pedestrians safely from one side of the street to the other.

Past the steps ran a little ragged "gamin" peddling newspapers. "Last edition *Evening Sun* or *World*," echoed the shrill, piping voice as the little fellow darted by, his coat flapping in the wind, and his bare feet pattering noisily on the pavements as he ran. Schuyler remembered seeing him almost every day selling papers on the corner just below.

"Even he's got more to do than I," he thought, as he turned from the steps and walked slowly up the Avenue.

He had gone but a short distance when a confused roar of voices and the angry, frightened tones of a man's voice told him that some accident had happened. Turning quickly, he made his way to the rapidly gathering crowd. In its midst he caught sight of a heap of papers strewn about in all directions, and beside them a little motionless figure, which looked pitifully small among the horses and carriages about it.

Schuyler always tried to keep as cheerful as possible, and he was about to turn away to avoid a disagreeable scene, when he caught sight of the face. It was the little newsboy. For an instant he hesitated, then he stepped forward again.

"Here's something to do," he muttered, "right ready for me this time."

The crowd fell back respectfully as the tall, stylishly dressed gentleman pressed towards the centre. He reached the boy just as the burly policeman was lifting him up, and he helped to carry the limp little form to the sidewalk.

"How did it happen?" he asked, as they laid him down.

"Oi don't know," answered the policeman, looking with interest at the stranger. "Oi s'ppose he was after seeing some one across there and tried to cut and dodge the cabbies. It's a wander there don't be more accidents with the number of them little imps as is running about."

He was about to ring for an ambulance when Schuyler stopped him.

"Wait," he said, "there's a stable just around the corner. Get a carriage from there. It is only his leg that is hurt, they say. I'll try to find out where he lives. Keep quiet; he's coming to now."

He raised the little fellow gently in his arms, regardless of the dirt and mud with which he was covered, and bent his face close to the child's as his black eyes opened slowly.

"Hello, old fellow," he said cheerfully, "how do you feel—better?"

The boy looked about him bewildered for an instant, and then seemed to remember.

"Where's me papers?" he asked anxiously, struggling to release himself.

At the first motion he stopped with a cry of pain and lay still again.

"I guess I must have hurted myself," he added, manfully trying to keep back the tears of pain.

"Never mind the papers. I've got them all right," said Schuyler. "Can you tell me now where you live?" he asked cautiously.

"What d'ye take me for?" asked the boy, with an attempt at his natural bravado. "Cert I can. I lives with me mother and sister in West Twenty-eighth street—320. Be you'se going to take me away in the ambulance?" he asked anxiously.

"She'd be bad scared if she didn't know where I was," he added.

"No," returned Schuyler, "we'll take you right home. In a carriage," he added re-assuringly.

Just then the carriage drove up, and stepping in, Schuyler laid the boy as gently as possible on the seat. Taking a card from his pocket he penciled on it the boy's address.

"Here, some one," he said, "take this around to Dr. Sackton on the next block, and ask him to come at once." Then giving directions to the driver to go slowly and cautiously, he closed the door and the carriage moved slowly away. The crowd stood open-mouthed as it disappeared around the corner. Then one of the astonished bystanders broke the silence.

"Well, I'm blown," he ejaculated, "if he didn't pick up the little chap just like he was his own father."

Meanwhile the two were being slowly driven across Forty-second street toward the West side.

Schuyler sat with his arm around the boy, trying to protect him from the jar of the wheels.

For a few moments neither of them spoke. Schuyler wondered in an absent sort of way how he would look to an entirely unprejudiced observer as he sat there, holding in his arms the ragged, muddy, little street urchin. That reminded him of his own clothes, and he looked down. He smiled a little dismally.

"It's an ill wind which blows nobody good," he thought, "and I suppose that it's a good thing for the tailor."

The front of his coat was a mass of mud, from the collar almost to the knees, his cuffs were soiled and mussed and the glove of his right hand had in some way disappeared. He rather thought it might be lying in the middle of Fifth Avenue.

"Never mind," he concluded, "perhaps I've put one good action to my credit at last."

Despite his broken leg, the boy felt himself in a sort of happy dream. Many a day he had watched and admired Schuyler from a distance and always regarded him with a sort of awe as a higher being than the men who peopled his little world. And

now he was sitting in a carriage, just such as he had watched time and time again, as they drove up to the awning-covered entrance to Sherry's on the night of some great ball and discharged their fair occupants, radiant in lace and diamonds. Angels of another world to Jim ; to Schuyler, only Miss Roberts, Miss Hewitt, Miss Parkly, and a host of others, to speak with whom he would not have crossed the floor of the ball-room. He and Jim only looked at it from different standpoints. Yes, he was sitting in a carriage, and what was more, was leaning his frouseled head on his idol's shoulder. All of which goes to show that, for a New York street boy, Jim McGlan had a singularly unaffected nature.

He gave a little ecstatic sigh, which roused Schuyler.

"What's the matter, young one," he asked, "is it hurting you much?" and he drew the boy a little closer to him.

"No, sir; not more than a bloke can stand," he answered, "only—" and he tried to draw himself. Then he stopped and hesitated, half ashamed of the unexpected weakness in his nature.

"Well, what is it?" asked the other.

"Nothing, only—only get onto your coat, sir."

Then, for the first time in his short life, Jim blushed.

Schuyler looked down and smiled.

"Well, it is pretty dirty, that's a fact," he said, and then seeing how distressed Jim looked, he added, reassuringly: "There's one thing, though, it isn't half as bad as yours, and I imagine that there are men who know how to take it off."

Jim looked relieved.

"That's so," he said. "I guess I did get rather the worst of it, after all. You're sure you don't mind, though?" he asked, anxiously.

"Why no, not in the least," unblushingly replied Schuyler. Then, anxious to leave a dangerous subject, he asked the boy his name.

"Well, sir, you see, the boys most generally calls me Spiney, 'cause they say I'm that thin, but me real name's Jim McGlan,

and I'd rather you'd call me plain Jim, if you don't mind, sir. It sounds sort o' better, don't you think, now?"

"Well, yes, perhaps it does," confessed Schuyler.

Just then the carriage stopped, and Jim looked out.

"Here we are, sir, right ahead. If you'll walk right in and up stairs, three flights, you'll find the room."

Schuyler did as directed. He pushed open the door and entered a long, dark passage. He almost pitched headlong up the first flight of steps as he stumbled on in the gloom. After prolonged groping, he reached the right door and knocked.

"Come in," responded a shrill, childish voice.

Schuyler pushed open the door and entered. It was a little bit of a back room in which he found himself, about as large as his own dressing-room, Schuyler thought. A three-legged table and a few broken chairs comprised all that there was of furniture. Around the wall on one side were three mattresses laid end to end along the floor, each covered with a ragged quilt. Schuyler wondered in a half-dazed sort of way, whether these were beds. He was receiving a good many new impressions to-day.

The only occupant of the room was a little girl. Probably Jim's sister, Schuyler thought, for she had the same wide-awake black eyes and little turn-up nose.

The girl looked somewhat astonished at the apparition in the doorway. Rather an incongruous apparition too, with a Dunlap beaver, the only portion of the figure not covered with dried mud, but Schuyler seemed so unconscious of his strange appearance that she wisely decided to ignore it herself.

"I'm sorry sir," she said apologetically, that there wasn't no one to let you in, only I'm lame and can't walk, and Mam she's gone out to buy a little something for supper. Would you be pleased to come in and sit down?" and she motioned toward one of the decrepit chairs.

It flashed through Schuyler's brain that he had often met with a worse reception on Fifth Avenue, and he really hated to bring any more bad news to this cheerful little invalid. But it had to

be done, and so he plunged, rather brutally, he afterward told himself, into the disagreeable business which had brought him.

"I'm sorry to say that your brother had a little accident to-day," he commenced awkwardly.

The little girl turned pale.

"Jim," she said, "was he much hurt? Where is he?"

She had raised herself slightly in her chair, and it almost seemed as if she tried to rise.

Schuyler hastened to re-assure her.

"O, no;" he said, "Nothing bad. He only hurt his leg a little. He's down stairs now. I'll go and bring him up.

The little girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Poor Mam," she said, "I don't know what ever she'll do now. She and Jim just made enough to get along, and now with Jim hurt—" She gave a little sob and stopped. And Schuyler for some unaccountable reason thought best to turn with a hurried, half muttered word and dash down stairs at a very reckless speed, considering the darkness.

Schuyler, slowly and with the greatest care lifted Jim in his arms and carried him up the dark flights to the little room. The girl directed him where to place Jim, and then looked on while Schuyler made him as comfortable as possible.

He was hunting for a pair of scissors when the door opened, and Jim's mother entered.

She paused for a moment, astonished at the scene before her. Jim, lying pale and helpless on the mattress, and the tall, distinguished looking stranger bending over him.

In an instant the whole meaning flashed across her mind, and she went quickly over and knelt down beside Jim, pushing Schuyler slightly to one side as she did so.

"Why, Jimmy," she said, "you're not hurt, are you?"

"Only a little, mammy," he said, "and here's Mr. Schuyler. Don't you remember I've often spoke of him? He brought me home."

Then Mrs. McGlan recovered herself and courtesied slightly.

"I'm sure I thank you kindly, sir," she said. "How did it happen?" Schuyler told her.

"And do you think he's much hurt?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid he's broken his leg," answered Schuyler, "but nothing else, I hope. I sent for the doctor, and he'll be here presently."

A big tear rolled down the woman's face.

"I'm sure you're very good," she said, "but I don't know how I'll ever pay him. What Jim and I earned together was all that kept us at all."

Schuyler half moved his hand toward his pocket. She saw the action and flushed slightly.

"You mean well, sir," she said, "but I couldn't take any help from you. We'll pull through somehow. We've been in bad ways before; haven't we Jim, my boy?" she asked cheerfully. Jim nodded.

Schuyler, seeing that he could do nothing more, rose to go.

"I'm sorry you won't let me help you, Mrs. McGlan," he said, "but if I can be of any use, please let me know," and he drew out his card and laid it on the table. Then picking up his hat he groped his way down the stairs and out into the cool air. As he emerged from the doorway a carriage drew up, and a very much puzzled and aggrieved face appeared at the window.

"Schuyler, as I'm alive! What in the world is the matter with you?" asked the doctor. "Where have you been?"

Then Schuyler remembered his appearance.

"Come, there's a good fellow," he said. "Just let me get inside, out of sight, and I'll tell you all about it."

While the doctor waited Schuyler told him about Jim.

"I'll wait here while you go up," he concluded. "Do all you can for them and get anything they need. I'll make it all right."

Then as the doctor left him he settled back into the furthest corner of the carriage and waited.

From time to time Schuyler went to see Jim. Mrs. McGlan would let him do nothing to help them, and yet he noticed that Jim had many little luxuries about him which he knew she could not have purchased herself.

He had gotten to know Jim very well in the weeks succeeding the accident. He would go and sit beside him, and, brushing up the memory of his childish books, would tell him long stories of adventure and danger.

One day his curiosity got the better of him and he asked Jim if anyone else had been to see him.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Jim; "a lady has been here often. She saw the cabby run me down, and when you picked me up she sent somebody to find where I lived. She won't tell her name, but she says she knew you quite a while ago. My, but she's a stunner!" he concluded, "and she's done heaps for me."

Jim couldn't describe her, so Schuyler was forced to remain content with this meagre information, but he ransacked his brain to think who it could have been who "knew him long ago."

Then all at once it flashed across his mind. How could he have forgotten it? He remembered that just before the accident he had glanced into the window of one of the carriages blocked in front of him and had seen Her face. He remembered how his heart had bounded at the sight. He had not seen her for two or three years—since the night when she had refused him and he had left her, he said, forever. Could it be that she was Jim's mysterious visitor? No; the idea was too preposterous, and yet—and Jim noticed that Schuyler's stories were not quite so good as usual that afternoon.

After that Schuyler went to see Jim only at the hour when he thought she might come. But he never met her there, and he finally determined to write, merely about Jim, of course, but still to write. He left the letter with Jim, and the next time he went to see Jim he received his answer.

For all the satisfaction which he derived from it, he might just as well not have written. His questions, about which he cared nothing, were all answered, but no name was signed.

A few days later, as he was nearing Jim's house, he saw a carriage draw up in front of it and a lady alight. She went up stairs ahead of him.

As he entered the room his first glance was toward the woman by Jim's side. He was about to step forward and speak, when she turned toward him. Schuyler felt as if his heart had suddenly stopped beating, for the face which was turned toward him was one which he never remembered to have seen, and he knew that the woman before him was not the one he thought. Alice Marvin did not have snow-white hair, nor was her face covered with wrinkles.

Schuyler was about to withdraw. He had no heart to stay and joke to-day. But when Jim saw him, he called out in triumph.

"Here she is now, Mr. Schuyler. I knew you'd meet her some day."

Schuyler stepped forward and shook hands with Miss Winton, who, it seems, had known his mother years before, when he himself was only a boy. Then, muttering something about only stopping to leave a book for Jim, he hurried away.

He had hardly realized himself how much he had hoped from meeting her at Jim's. He said now that he had been more than a fool to jump to the conclusion that Jim's friend and Alice Marvin were one and the same, and yet—"Well," he muttered as he sat down in the window, "I suppose that I ought to be content with the thought of a kind action. But I don't see that I got much reward." From which it may be inferred that, with all his good points, Schuyler was a trifle selfish.

He met Miss Winton quite often after that, for he did not, by any means, neglect Jim, and told his stories and adventures with apparently just as much satisfaction to his listener as before.

He was just going out one morning when a messenger boy handed him a note. He tore it open and read.—

"———, WEST 58TH STREET.

"MY DEAR MR. SCHUYLER:

"I have just found a very good situation for Jim when he recovers, and should much like to talk the matter over with you. I should be

delighted if you could make it convenient to have you dine with me this evening at eight.

"Sincerely yours,

"LAURA S. WINTON."

Schuyler had no engagement for the evening and dispatched his acceptance by the same messenger.

Shortly before eight he mounted the steps of Miss Winton's house and rang the bell. The butler took his coat and ushered him into the parlor.

He was standing with his back turned to the door, examining a picture on the opposite wall, when he heard a light step behind him. He turned quickly.

"Miss Winton, I—" Then he saw the newcomer. "Alice— Miss Marvin," he cried, falling back a step.

"Good evening, Mr. Schuyler," she said slowly. "I'm very glad to see you again. It's some time since I've had that pleasure," and she laughed nervously.

He was about to make some common-place answer when he saw her face. She was intensely pale, but he noticed a little spot of crimson in the center of either cheek, and her lips were tightly compressed.

He waited a moment, then at length he spoke.

"You know, Miss Marvin, only too well why I've kept away," he said. "Why are you here to-night, when you knew that you would meet me unless— Alice, can it be that—" He paused, unable to speak from very excitement.

She did not answer for a moment, but only stood with downcast face and hands clinched at her sides. Then after an instant she looked up.

"Isn't it plain," she said, "why I came here to-night? If not, does this make it any plainer?" and she drew from her dress a soiled, muddy glove. "I found it the day of the accident. I think it was then that I first found out what a mistake I had made."

They had forgotten all about Miss Winton, when a few moments later she entered the room. She paused in astonish-

ment at the sight of the two standing by the fireplace side by side, deeply absorbed in conversation.

"Why, Mr. Schuyler!" she said. "I didn't know that you knew my niece!"

"I don't think that I did until to-night," he said happily.

"And I don't think I even knew myself," said Miss Marvin.

Howard E. White

SONNET.

(ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A COPY OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.)

A PIOUS Worshipper, to altars led
That smoke with incense to the many gods
Whose priests, on nectar and ambrosia fed,
Ne'er cease to chant their liturgies and lauds,
Thou hast not lacked the soul or sense to find
Those hards, whose inmost souls to Beauty given,
Adore her image found in human kind,
Or seek to find the Goddess throned in Heaven.

Enchanted by their robes of jewels and gold
By sensuous measures or by witching sign,
By mystic temples or by rites of old,
O, pass not by that gentle Priest benign
Who, in chaste garments of a simple fold,
The Goddess celebrates at Nature's shrine.

Wilbur M. Urban.

BY FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

RUTHERFORD is a quaint little college, hidden away among the hills, not far from one of our largest cities. The Friends founded it, in the early part of the present century, that their descendants might be brought up according to the customs of good Quakers. As my family belonged to the Society of Friends, it seemed to me entirely within the natural course of events that I should find myself, on a certain autumn evening of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, established in a second-

story corner room in Rhodes Hall, with my goods strewn indiscriminately about me, gazing out over the green campus, where the long shadows were darkening, and the sun disappearing behind the western hills left a genial after-glow.

I was soon settled in my new surroundings and early met the two young fellows who occupied the room below me. These two being the last arrivals, and there being a scarcity of rooms that year, had been assigned as room-mates, though the wide difference in their disposition and educations made them but a poorly-mated pair. The contrast between the two was indeed striking. Carroll Hardy was a Southerner, with all the pride, prejudice and peculiarities which the term used to imply. In appearance tall, dark and slight, nature had endowed him with an impulsive, generous, high-strung disposition. He was witty and sarcastic, while his easy, brilliant conversation and polished manners soon made him a general favorite. Many were the dare-devil pranks he played, and many the scrapes into which his temerity led him. It was one of the faults of such a disposition that he should have but little regard for the feelings of others.

Nathanial Jenness, on the other hand, brought up on a New Hampshire farm amidst plain surroundings, was of a strong, active, practical temperament. Unaccustomed to the ways of thought and action in the South, he failed utterly to understand his Southern room-mate, and what was meant by Hardy in jest was too often interpreted in earnest by Jenness. Nathanial having a very hot temper, and being a broad-shouldered, powerful young fellow, with a strongly marked face and determined grey eyes, was not one to be lightly trifled with. He was one of those men who are more apt to be respected than loved, and who themselves prefer to be looked upon with awe than affection. Carroll's daring temper loved to arouse this sombre young Puritan and to trick him by some sharp sally into a burst of anger, little knowing and as little heeding the danger of the experiment. On both sides there was misunderstanding, and in each there was a lack of tolerance for the peculiarities of the other.

The fall passed quietly away. The surrounding hills doffed their covering of autumnal splendor for the darker hues of winter. The wintry winds brought from their northern homes the snow and frost, and the ponds and streams were frozen. To the peace of our little community this change was not altogether favorable. Thrown upon each other's society, the political differences which at that time shook the country to its foundation, cropped out amongst us. Frequent and heated discussions which made much ill-feeling, were the result. The hostility which already existed to some degree between Carroll and Nat became heightened. But they were both good fellows at heart (though sadly misunderstanding each other), and their occasional outbursts were soon smoothed over, and all went well till some new grievance would again destroy the harmony. It seemed to me, who knew and liked each for his good qualities, that though in outward appearance their relations might be the same, that in reality, after each fresh dissension, the position was becoming more and more strained. And this was due not so much to Hardy, for with him a quarrel was forgotten as soon as ended, but to Jenness, whose stronger and therefore more lasting anger would not allow him to forget an injury thus easily. And in this way there was being pent up, all unconsciously in his mind, a host of displeasing memories, of which, if the barrier of his self-restraint should give way, I feared the unchecked rush would some day bring disaster. Nat himself did not realize the strength of this smouldering, unknown enmity, but the gust which should start the flame was to be dreaded. So passed the winter months, and with the knowledge of coming spring we hoped for better things.

One dismal night, it was in March, I had sat later than usual before my fire, absorbed in reading. The wind howled around my corner windows, and every gust as it rattled the panes and hurried by, seemed like some wild spirit of departing winter, seeking admittance. The sky heavy, with promise of snow, was full of scurrying clouds, which drove along, at times obscuring the moon, and again letting her give forth a fitful gleam, only to be once more engulfed in fleecy coverings. Laying my book

aside and gazing dreamily at the mass of glowing embers on the hearth, I fell into a doze.

It must have been one hour later when I awoke with a start. My light had gone out; the room was dark save for a few red sparks fast dying amidst the heap of grey ashes within the fire-place. Something had startled me. For an instant I could not recollect where I was, and I sat bolt upright, grasping the arms of my chair in trembling expectation. As my faculties cleared, I thought I heard below me a strange, indistinct panting sound and felt a slight tremor of the room. I listened with my whole body, endeavoring to distinguish what it was. All was silence. The wind howled dismally without and the clock ticked slowly, solemnly, on the mantel. One minute, two minutes, still no sound. "Pshaw! I had been dreaming." The gloom of the night had made me nervous. A breath of air would tone me up. Springing up and opening the window I looked out. The windows below me were dark. "No one can be up at this time of night," thought I. A cold gust of wind coming round the corner, from out the blackness, made me shiver. Hastily closing the window and smiling at my own childish fancy, I quickly went to bed.

A great storm was raging next morning and the ground was covered deep with snow. I noticed that Hardy's seat in chapel was vacant. But that was nothing unusual. At breakfast he was still absent.

"Have you seen anything of Carroll?" asked Jenness, who sat next to me.

"Haven't you seen him?" said I, in surprise.

"No," said Nat, "we sat up pretty late last night, drinking some wine we had, and about one o'clock he wanted to go out skating; said it was about the last chance we would have this winter, and that as we were on the ground floor we could do it easily enough, and asked me to go. You know how fond he is of it, never getting any skating at home. I wouldn't go, and told him he was foolish, but he insisted and finally went by himself. I don't know what can have become of the boy; he is always

getting into scrapes. He said he was going to Silver Lake. I am getting mighty anxious about him."

When it became generally known that Carroll Hardy had gone out during the night and hadn't returned, the excitement was intense. His propensity for adventure was well known, however, and no great evil was feared. When noon came and still no Carroll, all work was stopped and the whole college turned out to search. The woods in all directions were scoured, inquiries were made at all the farm-houses and the lake itself was examined. All to no avail. There was a large air-hole discovered in the ice, which at first seemed to offer only too probable an explanation of the mystery, but upon sweeping away the snow no skate marks could be found, and as a hasty dragging of the pond in the vicinity of the hole resulted in nothing, the disappearance remained darker in mystery than before. Nothing more could be done till the breaking up of the ice should make a more extended search of the lake possible.

Meanwhile the weeks went by. Spring set in, and with it came the disappearance of the ice. Then a more careful search of the lake was undertaken, and one April afternoon it was whispered that the body had been found. Sad at heart, we bore our lost friend, almost unrecognizable in the horrors of death, with his skates still firmly fastened to his feet, up the long, rocky hill through the woods, and as the sun set in springtime splendor behind the hills, we laid him in the chapel hall, which seemed in the cold twilight, dark, with the gloom of the vault. He was buried next day in the old grave-yard behind the little meeting-house.

None had been more deeply affected by these mournful events than Nat Jenness. He had refused to take a dark view of the disappearance at first, but as the time passed and no news of Hardy, he became more and more depressed. It seemed to prey upon his mind, and his health suffered. He would wander alone for hours, over the hills, always returning by way of the lake, as if in some way he there expected to gain news of his lost friend, and coming back to us hollow-eyed and haggard. His actions did not always seem to me quite natural, but the others

explained them by the mental strain he must naturally be under. Sometimes, when I least expected it, the remembrance of that unexplained noise would come to me. Had it been all mere fancy?

I was with Nat when the news was brought that poor Carroll had been found. A groan burst from Nat's lips so full of sorrow, and his white face as he hurried away seemed so drawn that it startled all who saw him, and more than startled me. "He must have cared for Carroll more than we thought," was the general opinion. But that look seemed to me rather of terror than sorrow. That unexplained noise *would* haunt my memory. At the funeral none followed those cold remains more closely, none showed such bitter grief when they were consigned to their final resting-place as Jenness. But my mind was poisoned by suspicion. I could see in this desire to be near the dead only a morbid, fascinating curiosity, and beneath the apparent grief only a trembling dread.

It was the third night after the funeral, and I was sitting in front of my fire. The logs were piled high and blazed brightly. The lights were all lit and the room looked bright and cheery. Somehow I could not bear darkness any more but craved the light, vainly hoping thus to dispel the sombre thoughts which now constantly preyed upon my mind. For the last few days the terrible conviction had been growing upon me that Jenness, in some inexplicable way, had murdered Hardy. I had tried to root the idea from my mind, but could not, and to-night for the first time I allowed to myself that I believed it. He had acted very strangely lately. For the last two days he had been looking frightfully. His face was drawn and haggard. Even the others commented upon it now. He seemed a prey to some mental malady which was sapping his life blood.

"There he is again," I thought, "pacing his floor, as on the last two nights, with those steps of maddening regularity. Always the same tramp, tramp, tramp, never faster, never slower." Suddenly the sound ceased. For a moment all was still. Then I could hear quick steps crossing the floor. The door below opened and shut. Steps were heard running up the

stairs. There came a rap at my door, breaking the stillness with its hurried summons. I opened it. For an instant all I could perceive was a pair of wild and bloodshot eyes gleaming from a ghastly white face, all the more ghastly for the deep blackness behind it. Startled, I made an instinctive movement to close the door, but before I could do so Jenness, for it was he, had pushed into the room.

"For God's sake, Frank," said he hurriedly, "let me stay here. I must tell somebody. I can't keep it any longer. Oh! it was all a mistake, all a mistake!"

I was so horrified at his appearance that I was speechless. He stood there clad in a loose dressing-gown; his once strong figure bent and trembling as with great age; his dishevelled hair and bloodshot eyes gave a wildness to his aspect that seemed the first step to insanity, and the agony of fear was written on every line of his pallid face.

"Nat," said I, trying not to speak sternly, so pitiful was his appearance, "there is no use of your telling me; I already know what you want to say."

"But I didn't mean to!" he burst in. "Carroll drove me to it. Oh, God! Frank," he moaned shuddering, "for the last two nights he has come back just at this time; I saw him, I tell you, and those black marks on his throat just as I saw them that night, and all day long I feel him beside me, and his hands are around my throat, not tight, but just so I can *feel* them! It's driving me mad! I *am* mad, I tell you! and those five black marks are coming on my throat just as they were on his, and the whole world sees them and knows what they are. Look here! Look!" and he tore open the collar of his gown.

Was it really a finger-mark, or was it but a shadow that I saw? My startled look seemed to drive him into a frenzy of fear.

"I knew it," he cried hoarsely. "Yesterday he said he would come again, and there he is. Don't you see him, don't you see him?" seizing me by the arm and pointing wildly in front of him. Then, as if in mortal agony, he fell to his knees,

with hands clasped in abject supplication, to some spectral executioner. "Carroll, Carroll," he moaned, and the voice was choked and strangling, "for God's sake let go my throat. You know I warned you that night not to anger me. You know I was beside myself when I sprang at your throat, and when I pressed harder and still harder you were so quiet. I didn't think, and then I looked! and, oh, God! you were dead." With a cry that burst harsh and gurgling from his lips, he fell back struggling convulsively.

Through the night, from his wild ravings, we gathered the rest of the terrible story. How, after the deed was done, he sat by the dead in awful, paralyzed, silent anguish. Then a plan formed, he knew not how, in his mind: He was not to blame. He would hide the deed. Strapping his skates on his victim's feet, he lowered the body from the window. He found a wheelbarrow. Placing the dead upon it, he bore his awful burden swiftly through the wintry night over the bleak and frozen roads, with heart that leaped in terror with every sound, and, with frightened backward glances, down the hill through the dismal woods and out upon the ice.

The moon breaking for a moment through the hurrying clouds lit up the scene, as he stood by the air-hole with the dead body in his arms. It showed the long sheet of glistening ice, with the hills shutting the lake in on every side, the upturned distorted face of the former friend, with those black lines upon that swollen throat.

The moon alone saw all this, and affrighted, hid herself amidst the clouds. All was dark. A splash broke the stillness, and the snow setting in, covered as with a curtain, the murderer and his deed.

Ever and again, in the midst of aimless, wandering words, he spoke of his home and his mother. But in the grey light of the morning the raving voice was still, and the soul had gone to Him who made it.

Malcolm Lloyd, Jr.

NYMPHOLEPTS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

"Cui dono lepidum libellum arido modo pumice expolitum?"

—Catullus.

FROM the melancholy tone of the title, the reader might very properly conclude that he is about to be served with a sort of rehash of the "Anatomy of the Melancholy," vieing with the original in stupidity, but lacking all the erudition with which Burton was able to steep it after years of residence at Oxford. But the wails of discarded lovers shall not assail your ears, gentle reader—at least not such as you are accustomed to hear. And it is but reasonable to ask of you to read far enough to enable you to answer this very simple question which stares you in the face in the prettiest of Latin.

Nympholepts—Vertumnus, Polyphemus and even the dainty Phœbus himself; such are the names that graced that goodly company in the olden days, not to mention Alpheus and his wild pursuit of the nymph Arethusa. There was Vertumnus, who wooed with unwearying ardor the scornful Pomona, as hay-maker, plowman and again as vine-dresser, through all the various guises that the seasons could suggest, becoming for her sake a veritable Proteus, although she had refused innumerable fauns and satyrs and even Pan himself.

And you, Polyphemus, O, how Theocritus did love to mock you secretly, all the while he was telling in woe-begone strains of your failures at love-making!—how absurd of you, clumsy Cyclops that you were, to imagine that combing your coarse locks with a currycomb and mowing your beard with a sickle could make you lovely to the dainty Galatea! How vain to offer apples and goat's milk to a sea-goddess! Much wiser had you been to listen to your own words of counsel when you said, "milk the ewe that thou hast; on land it is plain that I too seem to be somebody." And as for Apollo, it is common scandal how Daphne fled from his too-fierce wooing.

Gone are those days of freshness, simplicity and grace. Now happy things are but dreams if they o'erstep the narrow bourne

of likelihood. Yet sweet would it be if, like the happy Greeks of old, our feet would fain tread lightly where falls the fragrant shadow of the pines, lest the stir of the dry needles awake the sleeping nymphs. Then each glade of feathered fern, though lightly pressed, had been a couch, "more soft than sleep," for some fair form, each silvery strand a shining dancing ground, where 'neath the moon, with practiced feet, the sea-nymphs tread the mazy dance, more curious far than that by Dædalus for fair-haired Ariadne wrought. Each cave would be a sacred cavern, whose fair inhabitants nightly listen to "the wind-blown notes of the flutes that hang upon the trees."

What boots it that these forms we ne'er have seen? Did Homer and Pindar and Theocritus, beloved of the muses? Nor did they doubt, for who had not seen at least one of that wondrous company, whose very accents are honey-sweet with the converse of the nymphs, and whose eyes tell the strange story of still stranger sights? It is not theirs to tell the tale, for the gods are jealous, and who can forget the fate of Anchises at the hands of the angry Venus? No, the face of the nympholept can never be mistaken. When once he has caught a glimpse of some fair denizen of forest glade or ocean wave, there is no longer rest for the vexed spirit of a mortal. The brown cheeks of the country maidens no longer detain him. Crowns wreathed by mortal hands, though they be of roses, have lost their beauty and the sweet wines of the harvest feast no longer please, and he slips away into the summer night.

"Sweet would it be?" "Not at all," you say. "Rather is it our good fortune to have escaped all this strange illusion." We like not these fables of the poets; nor have we any patience with these strange-eyed dreamers who are not satisfied with rosy cheeks and the good things of this every-day world. Thus already has the matter-of-fact reader probably delivered himself, somewhat wisely, too, and with a pardonable impatience of these sighs for the "good old days." But after all, do we not all secretly like these pretty plays of passion, these infatuations? Would not any one of us hasten even to the sunny isles of Greece themselves were we assured that there we should find one

of this mysterious band of nympholepts, that we might make sport of him as did the poets of yore? Surely; for it is not in human nature to be otherwise.

But we need not journey far, for we may find them in our own prosy land—yes at our very doors. Gone are the happy days of simplicity and grace, but not so the unhappy nympholepts. Nor is it harder than of old to distinguish them from the more common among us with our ordinary desires and our vulgar preference for rosy cheeks and for maidens not too coy. They have the same mysterious air and make themselves of even greater importance, as though it were a more honorable thing to sue in vain for the love of Nymphs and Graces than to win the hand of a more modest damsel. But,—O, Vertumnus, Polyphemus, Apollo and the other worthy nympholepts—how has your little band degenerated in these latter days! We might laugh heartily with Theocritus at your failures, but must needs always weep at your woes. But the modern nympholept has neither your modesty nor your grace. He swears by the Muses, and loudly enough to be heard in the streets, and in their name commits follies and atrocities that we can never pardon.

Behold the modern Vertumnus. Not content with simple rustic garments, far more acceptable to the Muse, he affects a most gorgeous wardrobe, changing his guises with chameleon restlessness. His versatility is truly marvelous, but his gowns are all equally ill-bred and ill-fitting.

His first venture is the lightest and airiest of *vers de societe*. "Ah," sighs the Muse, "have the men all deserted me? Must I be a prey to these insipid boys?" Nothing daunted, our Vertumnus tries again. Possibly the first guise has been too airy. He next dons the shortest of stories with all its modern lack of taste. To a Muse who has lived in Greece, what torture! She is still unmoved. All its glaring colors and its coarse realism have failed. Now is brought forward the *coup de maitre*, which is none other than the "dialect" fad. Clothed in this he cannot fail. But for him the Muse has now forever vanished in *tennem aurem*.

And you, Polyphemus, are you so blind that you cannot see that gods and men alike are making sport of you? How can you expect to hear the soft voices of the Muses when your ears are dull to these shouts of laughter. You silly fellow, you are no amphibian. If only you had the grace to say with your illustrious prototype, "It is plain that on land I too seem to be somebody." O, Cyclops, Cyclops, why not listen to the plainer maidens when they call. The charming Galatea is but mocking you,

"Watching the unusual play
Of limbs that slip the fetter,
Pretending they are not clay."

Comb your locks, trim your shaggy beard; you are still coarse and ugly with all your prinking, and could just as soon tempt the Muse as Caliban win one smile from the lovely Miranda. That poor beast of Setebos has at least one advantage over you, for surely he has in somewise followed the injunction of the Grecian sage, "*Know thyself*," for he asks in all singleness of heart, "What see for envy in poor me?" Do you really think that the heart that is forever with the herds, the cheeses and the wine-vats can be acceptable to a goddess?

But our cynicism has, perhaps, become too malignant. We must not conclude that all Nympholepts are so unloveable. We may rejoice with the Nymphs that they have succeeded in giving the slip to such unpromising suitors as Vertumnus and Polyphemus, yet we cannot sympathize with the excess of modesty that drove the blushing Daphne before the warm pursuit of Apollo. We cannot help feeling that she richly deserved the dry and hopeless maidenhood into which she stiffened when her father listened to her cries and transformed her into a laurel tree. Our tears are all for Apollo, who certainly deserved a better fate.

The Muses are to-day no less unreasonable than the nymphs of the days of Phœbus. Graceful youths are still often nympholepts for no other reason than that their wooing was too warm, and are forced to be content with the same old "sad petrific smile," forgiveness but no love. Literature is full of the querulous

44 NYMPHOLEPTS—ANCIENT AND MODERN. *May,*
outbursts of these disappointed lovers, all much in the same
strain :

“ O you, less hard
And hateful than mistaken and obtuse,
Unreason of a she-intelligence! ”

Let such not despair, but listen to the warning words of Keats :

“ Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
To those who woo her with too slavish knees
But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy
And dotes upon a heart at ease.”

It is to be hoped that in this review of nympholepts, ancient and modern, the occasional gibe and laugh may not hide the pain that is beneath them. For it is a serious question whether one really dare laugh. Absurd though it be, love is always sacred, even if it be the “ desire of the moth for the star.” And then Vertumnus made not his ungraceful limbs. Polyphemus chose not to have one eye—and that like a saucer in the middle of his forehead, nor was that coarse, red beard of his of his own election. And is it not a piteous sight to see him desert his fields and flocks and all the good things of life to wander in despair among shadows, seeking the dark places and the starry nights. No, surely, we should not laugh,—but heavens!
“ *Quid est Catulle, quid moraris emori ?* ”

Wilbur M. Urban.

EDITORIAL.

WE take pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. Joseph S. Bunting, of Pa., as Treasurer.

WE wish to recommend to our readers the firms whose advertisements may be found in this volume. Having selected them with the greatest care, we feel authorized in expressing our unqualified belief in their reliability. It is entirely just and consistent that the undergraduates should bestow their patronage upon those business firms who have shown, by advertisements in college publications, that they are interested in the institution of which these publications are a necessary adjunct. It is only necessary to know the indifference with which the college is regarded by some firms, and the hearty good-will and interest manifested by others to turn the current of patronage in the direction of the latter. We therefore take pleasure in recommending the use of our advertising index to intending purchasers.

PRIZES.

THE editors wish to announce that the following prizes will be awarded during the coming year. It has been decided to resume the custom discontinued three years ago of offering a prize for the best oration delivered on Washington's birthday. We believe that much of the interest that was formerly attached to the exercises on that occasion has been lost by the lack of incentive and the absence of the element of competition. We therefore offer a prize of \$10, to be awarded to the member of the Junior, Sophomore, or Freshman class who shall deliver the best oration on Washington's birthday. The judges for the contest to be appointed by the LIT. board.

In addition to this there will be a prize of \$10 open to all undergraduates for the best two poems from one contributor published during the coming year. A similar prize of \$10 will be awarded for the best two sketches published. A prize of \$10 will also be awarded for the best story handed in before January 22d, 1895.

THE COMING YEAR.

IT HAS been the tendency for preceding boards in entering upon their editorial duties to make known the fact in the sublime language of simile. One would affirm that it was about to take the helm and guide the college literary bark through the perils of another year, and would hope to avoid complications with either Scylla or Charybdis. Another board would assert, dramatically, that the curtain had been rung up, another company of actors had stepped upon the stage, and a new manager was in the wings. Still another would picture itself as tragically ascending the throne and grasping the literary sceptre. For fifty-two years each incoming board has made obsequious "opening bows;" has started solemnly out on perilous journeys, or has heroically "stepped to the helm." Thus it will appear that if the editors from the class of '95, in assuming their editorial duties, wish to do so in an original manner, they are somewhat limited in the field of simile.

A profound bow, seems to us too formal a method of introduction. When a new board of editors takes charge of the *LIT.* they assume its personality and merely extend a greeting to those who have long been its friends—a general shaking of hands, as it were. It is the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*—an institution just entering upon its fifty-third year; one that has stood for more than three generations the ebb and flow of undergraduate eccentricities and the storms and fair weather of college favor—it is this, and not a petty body of usurpers, of literary upstarts, that annually greets the college world. But there is one fact that has impressed us, as it has impressed many boards before: it is that there are many grave responsibilities

connected with the management of this magazine. We realize the position that the LIT. now occupies from having numbered among its editors in the past men whose prominence to-day is widely recognized. It is incumbent upon those who assume control of the magazine to-day to maintain the high standard which these men have set.

In these days, when the athletic spirit in our colleges, beneficial as it is, is yet in danger of being carried to an extreme, the LIT. has a special mission to fulfill. It must stand as a bulwark for the more intellectual side of student life.

We believe it to be the function of a college periodical to frankly and honestly express the sentiments of the undergraduate body, however little those sentiments may conform to the orthodox views of the powers that be.

It is our ambition to free the LIT. from any charge of servile dependence. If we are to "propagate all the best that is known and thought" in the college world, we must not feel fettered by prejudice and narrowness. If the LIT. is to reflect at all it must not reflect a distorted image.

We hope to be able to avoid extremes in our management. On the one hand it is necessary to avoid that mock profundity which is so apt to be the vital fault with college essays—that profundity which is the outcome of the amusing efforts of the collegian to write for posterity. We want essays, but we want essays which will not be always imprisoned between uncut leaves.

On the other hand, the LIT must not cater too strongly to that feverish thirst for light fiction which has been making its influence so widely felt during the last few years. This class of literature, to a certain extent, is indispensable in a college magazine. It has an attractiveness which appeals to a large element that must be recognized. But it should be treated rather as the dessert than the solid food of the literary meal.

In the different departments we may say that little change will be made. The Book-Talk, so admirably conducted by our predecessors, will be continued in the form of a gossipy discussion of some theme, with illustrations from the books that have come to us for review. The Gossip will dispense in monthly in-

stallments its chat of college ways and its Reveries of Undergraduate Bachelors.

In the Editor's Table we hope to show how thoroughly we appreciate the pleasure of living and moving in the world of college journalism. We feel that the friendly exchange of criticism is mutually beneficial, and we look forward with the greatest pleasure to the companionship of our sister periodicals. The other departments will follow essentially the policy of the preceding board. The Contributors' Club, abolished by them, will not be resumed.

To our jolliest of jolly friends, the *Tiger*, we extend a cordial greeting. He shares with the *LIT.* the responsibility of voicing undergraduate sentiment, and we believe that beneath his playful demeanor he has the power and the disposition to strike telling blows at undergraduate foibles.

Toward the *Princetonian* we can entertain none but the kindest feelings. It is faithfully performing its function as a recorder of college history. It has become an organ that is not unwilling to probe to the bottom of a college abuse or give heed to a just complaint.

To the '94 board we would extend the heartiest congratulations on their successful management of the *LIT.* during the past year. We realize how largely their efforts have contributed to its prosperity and advancement. It shall be our earnest purpose to emulate their independent tone and to maintain the standard that they have set for us.

In conclusion, we would say that it is not without feelings of misgiving and a heavy sense of responsibility that the editors from the class of '95 enter upon their new duties. They can only voice the wish so often expressed by incoming boards, that it may continue to grow in favor as it grows in years.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE present board of editors is desirous of being on the best of terms with its contributors. It is only by having good feeling and a perfect understanding between editors and contrib-

utors that we may hope for a stronger literary feeling to be developed in the college. The LIT. should always act as a stimulus to those whose tastes are in this direction. We believe that a mutual exchange of ideas between contributors and editors is productive of good for both. A little candid though friendly criticism will often enable a contributor to change his production so that what would have otherwise been somewhat crude may be suitable for publication. Acting on this principle we have decided to give an opportunity to contributors to go over their own work with us. In this way it is our hope to avoid the appearance of "indiscriminate hashing."

In the way of practical advice to contributors, we would suggest that the quality of originality ought, perhaps, to be most sought after. It is not to be expected that writers as young as college contributor's usually are should have much perfection or individuality of style. This is a quality that must come later. But in the *young* writer one *does* expect to find the redeeming feature of originality. This is the great foundation upon which the collegian should build in his writing. Thus, we believe in the secret of *having something to say*. If this principle is followed there will be no necessity of our advising contributors not to attempt to make their essays too profound, or to advise that flatness be shunned as the cardinal sin of story-writing.

There is one point more which needs emphasis: avoid the pessimistic, dyspeptic style of writing. As originality is expected of youth so is cheerfulness. The rose-tinted glasses will not lend their color to our vision any too long, and it is well to take advantage of them while they remain. So let us advise that the yellow, jaundiced style—the "Ships that Pass in the Night" tone be conspicuous by its absence from college contributions; let your efforts rather be spicy and timely and of such a nature as is calculated to arouse public interest and best represent the University.

GOSSIP.

"Tune every harp and every voice,
Bid every care withdraw."

—*Carm. Prince.*

IT IS not without a great many misgivings that the young Gossip makes his formal opening bow. He realizes that he has a large pair of shoes to fill, and it is with some trepidation that he now glides into them. So Gossip draws up his chair to the singing, boiling kettle, from whence issued chat, talk and reminiscence, in the hope that he will, like his predecessors, be able to understand and interpret the kettle's muse—that kettle which for years has whispered its thoughts into the listening ear of the anxious Gossip; which for years has told its simple yet quaint tales of college life and college thought as it is here beneath the graceful elms and amid the old walls of Princeton.

But, hark! the kettle's soft sighing voice is heard, and slowly arising from the spout comes a thin film of steam that curls itself into quaint forms and fantastic shapes.

The voice grows louder and the steam comes in greater volume—the kettle speaks.

The long evenings of May and June are with us once again. Once more we greet the white duck trousers, the cheviot shirt and the gaudy blazer. Both man and nature have blossomed forth in spring attire, and right royal is their welcome.

Once more the small porches of Witherspoon and the more prosaic fire-escapes of Reunion are sought in the cool of the evening, when the day's recitations have been attended and Senior singing is over, by the laughing, chaffing fellows, whose laughter and song ring clearly on the evening air.

Our college life is woven about by an indescribable, subtle charm at all times, yet never more than now. All are impregnated with the spirit of the hour from the Freshman to the veteran Senior. The former feels that now he really has a voice in the little college world he has learned to love so well; no more the verdant Freshman, but well on towards being that well-known and much-abused function, the Sophomore. To the Senior, well, he knows that soon will come that time when common bonds woven through four years must be severed; that—but why linger here? Let's on to the campus. The well-known bell of "Old North" has slowly rung the hour of seven, and borne on the evening zephyrs come the opening bars of "The Orange and the Black."

The Seniors are singing on the steps, and as we approach down Nassau street and turn the corner—the Dean's corner—we get the swelling

volume at its best from the throats of a hundred of Princeton's sons. What picture is there that can equal the one that lays before us?

Looming up in the background rises "Old North," gray and dark, against the twilight sky. Beneath the leafing elms and on the smooth green turf, arranged in groups, some standing, others reclining, are the student body. All around arises the thin curling smoke from fragrant briar pipes or cigarettes, while every now and then the sudden flaming of a lighted match, appearing for a time, then fading like the "will-o'-the-wisp," add to a scene which will ever linger in the memory of those present.

And so while the Seniors sing, slowly the darkness thickens and the evening advances, until the air of "Old Nassau" rings out upon the night, then with a parting cheer, another evening's singing is done. Suddenly the moon breaks from its cloudy fetters and throws its silver lustre on the still listening audience, while the tinkling notes of the mandolin and the guitar's dreamy chords rise to greet her.

And so it goes during all those balmy days of May and June; yet who is there that tires of them?

Love, 'tis said, is the old, old story, that is ever new—yet love stands not alone—to the sons of Princeton each evening's singing, followed by its stringed instruments, soft music is as new and welcome as—well, what would we do without it?

"Music," 'tis said, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast." If this be really so, one must seek for the unsoothed "savage breast" apart from college.

It was the well known yet ever welcome Sportner who said that he had read a joke in some comic paper. It ran somewhat like this: "How did you get on while in Paris?" "Oh, very well; I learned to speak French well enough to understand myself, even if the natives didn't."

We may not all of us be able to interpret the music of the Glee Banjo and Mandolin clubs, but we can sing, or try to sing, our own, self-appealing ditties, or sit and laboriously pick on the banjo some time-honored tune, because we cannot get the swing of one that is new, but we understand ourselves. We know what we would bring forth if we but only could; however, we understand ourselves.

All is still on the campus—the hour of twelve had just struck and the Gossip was walking leisurely toward Witherspoon. Suddenly the rhythmic beat of a couple of guitars broke the stillness as they played the opening bars of "The Nightingale Waltz," then the tremulous tinkle of the mandolins brought forth the air, and the Gossip stood still and listened.

Beneath the star-studded sky and bathed in moon-light stood Witherspoon with here and there a lighted window which broke the gloominess of that grand pile of stones against the bright night sky. There was no sound to break the magic spell save the music of the instruments which sounded soft and sweet, yet clear and distinct on the perfume-

laden air. The Gossip stood fastened to the spot, but his fancy left him far, far behind. Where did that fancy soar? To what unknown heights? Ah, even the Gossip could not say—under like circumstances all is ethereal—all vague as the mists. All is like a dream whose only ghost is the fear that all too soon the awakening must come—which comes so suddenly and so mercilessly when the music ceases.

Snap! A broken string—a few choice remarks relative to the instability of cat-gut and the dreamer dreams no longer. With a sigh he passes on and enters the hall—a door slams loudly then silence reigns once more.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame."

—Young.

"I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed."

—Pope.

THE new editor of the Table was in a quandary. He had suddenly thrust upon him the responsibility of a department, the function of which he knew not, nor could learn from those who went before. But he was soon consoled, for on reading up all the old Editor's Tables—an occupation he had never before been so rash as to indulge in—he found that the department had no special function, no law but its own sweet will. That was encouraging. He would say whatsoever he pleased, and no one would be the wiser; for you must know, dear (imaginary) reader, that it is a fact now grown into a tradition that the pages of the Editor's Table, like the hair of Samson, have remained uncut since its childhood. So the ancient Table scraped the accumulation of maulage off its top, glued on its mouldering legs for another year, and sallied forth in search of a new idea. He called on the Book Talk editor, who is always full of suggestions, and received the wholesome advice to "make it sort of half Book Talk, half Gossip, don't you know; just as you please, you understand, but that's my notion of the thing. Get my idea?" The new editor pressed warmly the hand of the Book Talk man, murmured his thanks, pilfered unnoticed from his vest pocket the first quotation above (which, by the way, the B. T. man had exhibited in an unguarded moment to the Table, whispering, with a gleeful gleam in his eye, that he regarded it as a most appropriate introduction to his May Book Talk), and went on his way rejoicing to find the Gossip. He was indulging in his daily siesta. 'Twere a pity to disturb him from his much needed rest. So the Table rummaged around in Mr. Gossip's half-finished effusions for the present number, clipped out what he wanted (the second quotation hereof—most appropriate), gently closed the door and departed in the sweetest frame of mind imaginable. The Table goes the other way when he sees the Gossip or the Book Talk editor coming nowadays.

What a pleasure the Table has before it! A whole year of pleasant chatting with the other colleges! We greet you with a hearty handshake. May we agree when we can, differ when we must, but always in the kindest spirit.

First of all, the new editor is glad to make the acquaintance of the *Dartmouth Lit.* We like its looks. It is so neat and tasty. The first article, an essay on "The Place of Jane Austen as a Literary Model," is just such a thing as we like to read. Much has been said on the necessity of making our essays light and readable, and the old, heavy style of essay is fast giving way to the lighter and more desirable style. Mr. Knowlton's paper both exemplifies and justifies this charge. It is light, clear, forceful, with a specific object, and the writer has ably defended his position against Mr. Howell's dictum—that Jane Austen stands at the head of English novelists. Mr. H. J. Hapgood's essay on the Prince of India is an extended and discriminating review of General Wallace's latest novel and is good reading. "On Moosellauke" is a charming bit of description, showing a good knowledge of the feathery tribe, an agreeable novelty in college literature. Though it may require a slight stretch of the imagination to hear the real flesh and blood college man remarking: "The walk of six miles to Breezy Point * * * was charming, though I had not yet breakfasted." At any rate, he does not often do that sort of thing for pleasure only.

Perhaps the best verse of the number is Mr. Dana D. Wallace's—

A FLOWER DREAM.

'Tis not of thy fragrance I'm dreaming to-night.
I behold not thy beauty so blushing and bright.
In my vision a little white hand holds thy form,
At the gate, in the glow of the sunset warm.

And brown eyes, that shimmered as deep woodland pools,
Looked up with a light which one's destiny rules,
And the flower that she gave told that story so old,
Yet each fond word I hoarded as miser his gold.

Thy petals may wither, thy fragrance may die,
On the past's fondest thoughts I may linger and sigh,
Yet the bliss of that moment shall never depart,
But blossom unfading deep down in my heart.

The new editor is pleased to note the uniformly high quality of the magazines coming from the women's colleges. The *Smith College Monthly* for April is perhaps not up to the standard set by former numbers, but is readable for all that. "The Pity of It," is one of the best things of the number. The writer shows a faculty for close observation in matters of surface detail, but we feel that she has not gone deep into the hearts of the people she describes. May we not have a little more of the optimistic? Charlotte Webber's "On an Accommodation Train," is a good sketch, showing a touch of deep feeling. "The Wedding of Janet" is the only story of the number with a definite plot. This is gracefully developed, and the interest is sustained to the end.

The April number of the *Williams Lit.* has a readable story in "Mr. Van Rensselaer" by "J. R. C." We are glad to learn that this writer will have a place on the Editorial Board for the coming year. "Flossy,"

by "B. A. C.," exhibits, in a light vein, a bit of real human nature. The verse of the number is exceptionally good. Here is a realistic picture with a musical jingle:

BALLADE OF THE MIDWAY.

Dusty and noisy and bright,
 Busy by night and by day,
 Splendidly, strangely bedight,
 See how the lines stretch away,
 Pieces of nations astray:
 Africa, Germany, France,
 Canton, Peking and Bombay,
 Is the heart of the Midway Plaisance.

Thirty sweet girls of a height!
 Surely their looks scarce betray
 That the Beauty Show's running to-night;
 Such a Beauty show hardly can pay
 While Persia is still in the fray,
 While Cairo girls still do their dance,
 While China keeps running her play,
 In the heart of the Midway Plaisance.

Look, what a crowd is in sight,
 Hear what the people all say,
 "How those Dahomeys must fight!
 They're fed on a human entree
 To keep from running away."
 Such was the kind of romance
 Which we thought was completely *au fait*
 In the heart of the Midway Plaisance.

The White City's long passed away,
 But if memory deigns it a glance,
 Its jester will live on for aye,
 In the heart of the Midway Plaisance!

We also like—

A bud just blowing to a rose,
 Will stand no touch of lightest finger,
 For 'tis an easy thing to close,
 A bud just blowing to a rose,
 And oft we know not if it grows,
 Or longs awhile a bud to linger,
 A bud just blowing to a rose,
 Will stand no touch of lightest finger.

In the *Columbia Lit.* for April Mr. J. F. Berry has an article on "The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven" which all lovers of the great master will enjoy reading. "A Song of Innocence," by "A. S.," is good poetry:

A SONG OF INNOCENCE—THE CHILD SPEAKS.

Unready for life with its bustle and jar,
 Having breathed the Dream-World air,
 In a world of dreams I've lived so far,
 And the world of dreams is fair.

But I am a part of the infinite sum
That is called Humanity,
And the call to enter life will come,
The life of reality.

The time is approaching. I'm losing the hold
On imaginings, fancies and dreams
That composed the life that I knew of old,
But the real—so strange it seems
That I cry : Leave me some of my childish hopes,
A few of the child's beliefs;
Perhaps they may prove the saving ropes
When I'm wrecked upon real life's reefs.

A reproduction of "The First Advertisement of King's College" forms a curious and interesting record of the founding of Columbia. As we look the number over, we rather wish for something a little more bold and original. The only attempt anything like a story is "The Eyes of Love are Blind," which is something of a disappointment.

The Vassar Miscellany for April is a fairly good number. "Love and Smoke" is a trifle cast in dramatic form, by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, '91. Katharine B. Davis, '92, gives some very practical suggestions in "The Scope of Domestic Science," and K. V. D. Harker, '93, has a good quatrain, which runs as follows:

WORLD MUSIC.

Like violin-bow in a master's hand,
A shaft of sunlight fell athwart the land,
And red-wings, thrushes, bobolinks awoke,
The glad world into sudden music broke.

It will be noticed that all these selections are by alumnae. We might wish to see more work by the undergraduates and less by their older sisters.

It seems to the Table that it is preëminently the function of the College literary magazine to develop the latent literary ability of the undergraduates. Moreover, we cannot but believe that *Vassar* is capable of putting out a first-class literary magazine without the assistance of her graduates. These remarks apply as well to some of the other colleges, notably Smith, which this month contains two contributions by alumnae.

The *Wesleyan Lit.* has an interesting paper on "Journalism—New and Old," lamenting the decadence of the press, and containing a good-sized kernel of truth. "My First Lesson in Deer-Hunting" is a clever piece of description, and *Bric-a-Brac* is full of spice. A dainty bit of verse runs—

A SMALL BEAUTY.

She's not the tall and stately queen
Whom all the men adore;
So precious the materials were
Nature could spare no more.

It is a real pleasure to read the April *Amherst Lit.* Judging from this number, the success of the new board is already assured. "A Rude Awakening," by Nelson Kingsland, is a delicate sketch of rural life, with a touch of sadness, and recalls to the reader the charming style of Washington Irving in his sketches of rural life in England. Dwight W. Morrow's paper on Henry Irving is an excellent effort, and especially commendable as being a pleasant innovation of the usual college literary essay. William J. Boardman's sketch of Germany vs. France is bright and amusing. The *Amherst* is one of the best magazines we have seen this month. Editorially, the Ninety-Five board starts out straightforward and strong.

A number of the other exchanges have recently come in, but too late for notice this month. The Table regrets that time prevents a glance at the contents of *The Wellesley Magazine*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Brown Magazine*, and *The Harvard Advocate*, but the Gossip and Book-Talk man approach with blood in their eye, the atmosphere is already growing blue, and the Table betaketh himself to a cooler clime.

BOOK TALK.

"Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say!
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason."

—Churchill.

"There never were truer and wiser words spoken," said Mr. Irving in his address to the Harvard students, "than these of old Polonius:

To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

'Know thyself' was the wisdom of the ancients. But how can a man know himself if he mistrusts his own identity and if he puts aside his special gifts in order to render himself an imperfect similitude of some one else?"

Now, the reader (and the Critic has been assured by One of the Other Editors that there is a man in the Freshman class who sometimes reads the Book Talk)—the reader, I say, must not imagine for a moment that the Critic is trying to point a moral. Nevertheless, it is his humble opinion that a moral could well be pointed out from the above quotation, in spite of all that may be said to the contrary by even such able Shakespearean editors as Mr. Hudson. However, that is not the object at present. What the Critic would impress upon the reader's mind, is that Mr. Irving was right when he advised people to "be themselves" in all they did and said and wrote. For in literature as well as in life, this principle holds true. If there is one thing which has characterized all our really great writers it is this quality of naturalness. We have only to read between the lines to come in contact with the author's personality; and we feel that we have met with something better than the book, something far more life-like, which is the man himself. We read the "Reveries of a Bachelor" with all its naturalness, its spontaneity—bubbling over with honest good sense—and we lay down the book at last, feeling that we have known a *man*, who in all confidence has poured out his heart to us. Ik Marvel imitates no one; he is always the same, always "himself;" and for this we love him.

There is a dainty little volume* on the table this month, which in its unaffected, conversational style, reminds us strongly of "Dream Life," or the "Reveries of a Bachelor." It has in it the breath of Nature—that buoyancy of spirits which charms and fascinates us because it is so natural. It is written in a delightfully rambling way, touching now on one subject, now on another, as by the merest caprice; and here and there a dash of humor or a bit of literary criticism serve to give to it a brighter coloring. Strangely enough, poetry forms but a small part of

*"A Poet's Portfolio." By W. W. Story. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the "Poet's Portfolio," and the Critic makes bold to assert that he is glad of it. At times the verses relapse into dreary speculations on things we do not know and cannot understand, just as quickly to sprackle with all the brilliancy of true poetry. Suddenly we light upon this gem:

"When behind her she saw Death's shadow,
Silent and cold and blank;
And closing her eyes, with a startled shriek,
Into his arms she sank."

We feel like giving up in despair; we have about us a sense of depression, and we long for something natural—something real. Further on we find it; so different from the other, however, that we can scarcely believe them to have come from the same pen. The Critic must admit that he enjoyed the prose parts of the book more than the verses; and he prefers to think of Mr. Story as an essayist and not as a poet.

The Critic, unfortunately, has never been a close student of ornithology. He has always placed that science along with mathematics, among the things he can *not* enjoy. It was in this spirit that he picked up a volume* a few days ago, and began to read. It was not long, however, before he was captivated by the freshness and vivacity of the style, overflowing with life and happiness as it was. The writer's love for birds and flowers was apparent at every point; and her enthusiasm in the search for new discoveries was simply irresistible. Free from all technicalities of expression, we feel as we read, that we know more of God's feathered creatures because we are in blissful ignorance of the Latin names with which the scientist has inflicted them. Her pictures of nature are true to life. Little scraps of poetry here and there—so bright and so appropriate—add much to the cheeriness of the book; and we are reminded somewhat of Gray's *Elegy* when we read:

"All is silent now
Save bell-note from some wandering cow,
Or rippling lark-song far away."

Now and then Mrs. Miller gives us glimpses of the Rockies. But it is not with the nervous energy of the sightseer that we "see Colorado." We do not ascend every peak, toil through every cañon or shudder over each precipice. No; we are rested and refreshed by the reading, for we have inhaled the enchanting mountain air, we have painted in our memory gorgeous processions of flowers, cosy cottonwood groves and brooks rushing between banks of tangled greenery. We seem, like the poet of old, whose name has slipped my memory, to

"On some thymy bank repose
By which a tinkling rivulet flows;"

and we realize all the more fully that Nature "speaks a various language" to him who "holds communion with her visible forms."

*"A Bird-Lover in the West." By Olive Thorne Miller (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The Critic believes the above two books well illustrate the quality of "naturalness" in literature. And yet there is a tendency, a tendency which is becoming more apparent within late years, for individuality to relapse into peculiarity. In other words, there is a danger that the writer, in striving to be original, may succeed only in becoming so unlike others, so eccentric even, that we throw down the book in despair and ery out with Macbeth:

"It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

The Critic picked up a book of short stories* the other day, and by the time he had read it through he felt unutterably weary. While it is true that individual passages at times showed felicity of expression, there seemed to be little unity in the sketches themselves. The plots of some of them are old, while in others there is apparently no plot at all. The interest is seldom sustained to the end, and it is often perfectly evident at the beginning what the dénouement will be. This sort of thing grows very tiresome, and we long for something more natural, something less forced. However, the book has one redeeming feature, in that the dialect is excellent, and that it presents to us a phase of life little known to-day. But if we would have a real picture of the "old Creole days" told in a natural, and, therefore, truly artistic style, we must turn to Mr. Cable. All this only emphasizes the more strongly the fact that the short story of to-day shows signs of being carried to a deplorable extreme. For, while the short story is distinctively characteristic of present-day fiction, it must not be supposed for an instant that our fiction is to be judged by such dreary attempts as that referred to above. And so it was with a sigh of relief that the Critic found on the table a new book† by the author of "The Refugees." Sherlock Holmes has become almost as well known to-day as Van Bibber and Gallegher, and the reading public will have another chance to make the acquaintance of this master of the science of deduction in adventures as thrilling and as full of dramatic power as any which have yet appeared. Each story has its own peculiar interest. We meet new surprises at every turn; and once we have begun to read we feel we cannot lay the book aside till we have reached the end. It is written in the same direct and unaffected style which marked "The Refugees," while the descriptions are just as picturesque and vivid. Mr. Doyle looks at people with the eye of the true psychologist, and his characters are as real and as full of life as the men and women we see about us day by day.

Speaking of Van Bibber, Mr. Davis has given us another volume‡ this month. It is made up of five articles which have appeared from time to time in Harper's Magazine. Nowhere is Mr. Davis's keen sense of human more apparent than in this, his latest production, for it seems to

*"Bayou Folk." By Kate Chopin. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

†"Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes." By A. Conan Doyle. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

‡"Our English Cousins." By Richard Harding Davis. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

express all that is best in that type of humor which belongs distinctively to America of to-day. Especially interesting to us is the chapter on "Undergraduate Life at Oxford." We learn that there is in the great English university an instinctive love for tradition, almost amounting to superstition, which Americans cannot understand, and which we of Princeton might well regard. There seems to be at Oxford much of that "democratic spirit" which is the pride and glory of Old Nassau and which we believe to be our strongest bond of union. In reading these bright sketches, not only are we fascinated by the same charming style which was characteristic of "Van Bibber," but we learn some things about "our English cousins" which we never knew and which we remember and enjoy all the more because they are so real.

Mr. Davis never wastes words in telling a story. He is always to the point. Every sentence, every word, adds to the general effect and gives to it a richer coloring. In direct contrast to this is a book* which the Critic has just finished reading. Long before the end was reached his interest flagged, and he realized how great is the wisdom of Butler's remark:

" 'Tis of books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief."

The volume in question is one of those novels which, like Bellamy's, is written for a purpose, but, unlike "Looking Backward," gives no promise whatever of accomplishing the object for which it was written. Nor does the Critic feel justified in saying that it will ever attain that degree of popularity which has attended Bellamy's work. As a literary curiosity, as an example of the flights to which the imagination may soar in its struggle to portray the ideal state—perhaps "Earth Revisited" may satisfy a want; perhaps it may satisfy the craving common to many minds to look into the future only to become the more discontented with the present. It gives us a quantity of sage advice and now and then a bit of good common sense; while at times it combines in a decidedly fantastic way the strangest and most curious religious doctrines with a great deal of insipid sentimentality. We listen with awe to a man writhing on his death-bed and making this startling announcement: "I will cling to the cold cables of eternal verity which enwrap the world as the billows of death go over me!" Of course we are delighted to learn this, but at the same time we are harassed with doubts as to what he really means. The most amusing part of it is that the man is supposed to be sane. We have no sympathy, no patience with him; we only laugh.

The ultimate aim of the book is to picture to us the allwise and benevolent "State" of the Socialists, although it admits, quite properly, that this Utopian paradise can only be reached through social evolution and not by anarchistic revolution. We see before us communism pure and simple; a state where all class distinctions are abolished, and life is

*"Earth Revisited." By Byron A. Brooks. (Boston: Arena Publishing Co.)

one perpetual round of ease and happiness. When there is no poverty, when everybody is comfortable and well-to-do, our only wonder is that anyone is willing to shovel coal or be an undertaker. But this the book does not explain.

Just in this connection, the Critic remembers the words of Isaak Walton: "If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge." But he has been assigned this department of the LIT., and if he does nothing else, he intends to say what he thinks. Yet the Critic feels that he has said enough; and like the irrepressible "spring poet," he feels his pulse quicken with the approach of summer, and he is moved to exclaim, with quaint old Geoffrey Chaucer, as he lays aside his book:

"Whan that the monthes of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synges,
And that the floures gynnen for to spryge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocioun."

SHORTER NOTICES.

A WEDDING TANGLE. BY FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARKHAWK. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING Co.)

In this novel of American life in the last century, Mrs. Sparkhawk has given us a very readable book. The French and Indian war is full romance, and the writer has used this to the best advantage. The plot is well developed; at times it puzzles us; but of course this is not saying that it is original. Perhaps the chief fault of the book lies in the superfluous number of characters. The chief characters are well drawn, but we are often bewildered because we cannot keep track of the others. Especially strong is the contrast between the heroines; in fact, the book's greatest merit seems to be in this. It is not a great novel, but it is far above the average; and that is saying a great deal.

FORBES OF HARVARD. BY ELBERT HUBBARD. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING Co.)

When Goldsmith was doing "back writing" for the benefit of his creditors, he used to say that he was "building books." It is quite evident that some of the letters which compose "Forbes of Harvard" have been built entirely for the benefit of the plot, for many of them have not the remotest connection with the characters themselves. They remind us of conversations we hear on the stage, which are directed at the audience and have no particular connection with the speakers. In striking contrast are the letters in which the constraining lines of the plot are thrown aside and the writers talk no longer of persons, but relapse into discussions on abstract themes. Many of these letters are full of the mysticism in which Emerson was steeped. Indeed, these letters are such as we can imagine Thoreau might have written from his log cabin. Concord and its school of philosophy is stamped on every page.

BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND. BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

It was of Holland that Ben Franklin once said: "In love of liberty and bravery in the defense of it, she has been our greatest example." And he was right; for we are too apt to forget at present, in how many points our history resembles hers. We should therefore read with interest this book, the main object of which is to show to us how much we owe to Holland. Mr. Griffis sketches rapidly the general course of great movements—political, intellectual and religious. There is no room for details, and perhaps the book has lost by condensation. But after all, it contains a remarkable amount of information, written in a simple, straightforward style. And what is much more, if we but read between the lines, we cannot fail to notice the keen appreciation—the admiration, even the love—which the writer has for "Brave Little Holland."

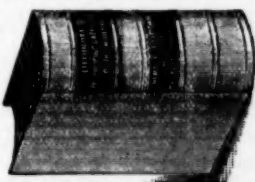
CONTES DE BALZAC. EDITED BY G. M. HARPER, PH. D., AND L. E. LAVINGOOD, A. B. (NEW YORK: WILLIAM R. JENKINS.)

We of to-day are too prone to limit our knowledge of the French novelists to Zola and Dumas and one or two others, perhaps. We forget that Balzac is considered by many, and rightly so, the greatest of all French writers of fiction. The present volume contains six of his shorter stories, which will illustrate the wide scope of his prodigious talent. Published in an attractive manner, carefully and copiously annotated, and with a delightfully written introduction, the book promises to give to Americans a clearer insight into that strange intellectual life wherein an almost hopeless struggle for existence was coupled with some of the loftiest ideals and aspirations the nineteenth century has to show.

LIPPINCOTT'S
PRONOUNCING
GAZETTEER
OF THE WORLD.

WITH LATEST CENSUS RETURNS.

A complete pronouncing Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the world, containing notices of over 125,000 places, with recent and authentic information respecting the Countries, Islands, Rivers, Mountains, Cities, Towns, etc., in every portion of the globe. Invaluable to the Student, Teacher, Merchant, Journalist and member of every learned profession.



One Imperial 8vo volume of nearly 3,000 pages.
Send for free prospectus, with specimen pages and testimonials.

Sold by all Booksellers.

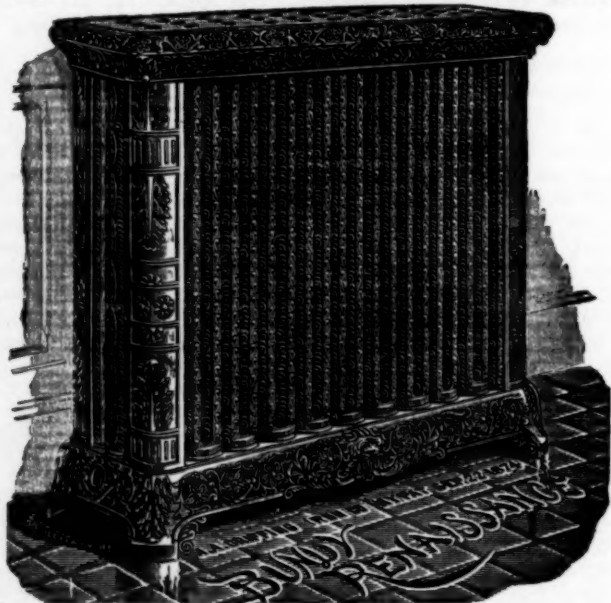
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CALENDAR.

APRIL 27th.—Yale-Harvard Annual Debate; won by Harvard.

HIGH ART IN RADIATORS

When a man's mind turns to the subject of Radiation he don't expect to see a high-art production such as is here illustrated.



THE BUNDY RENAISSANCE RADIATOR is truly a work of art.
We noticed one in the window of the makers,

THE GRIFFING IRON WORKS ¹⁵ DEY STREET
NEW YORK

No apartment is too elaborate to receive a beautiful Radiator like this. The cut does not do the subject justice like a photograph they have for distribution, which was cheerfully handed to us.

IT SIMPLY BEGARS DESCRIPTION.